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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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A Sobering Week of the War

The easy optimism about the end of the war which prevailed a few weeks ago had pretty well evaporated by December 20. The Allies were continuing to gain on almost all fronts, but the gains were heartbreakingly small compared with the size of the job still ahead. The Russians launched a powerful new offensive on the northern front which, if successful, might raise the siege of Leningrad completely, and might even force Finland out of the war. Farther south, they were holding the Germans back in spite of the Nazis' evident determination to retake Kiev at any cost. The Americans and Australians landed on New Britain Island, and the first days of the new attack went well. New Britain is a necessary preliminary to the attack on Truk, the strongest Japanese bastion in the central Pacific. The campaign was, however, a grim reminder of how far we still are from Tokyo even after New Britain and Truk have been captured.

In Burma there were at last signs of real activity in the near future. In China an important victory over the Japanese was achieved at Changteh, in the "rice bowl." The air war over Germany continued, though on a scale disappointingly small in comparison with what the public had been taught to expect. Signs multiplied that an invasion across the Channel should be expected within a few months; most commentators were guessing in the neighborhood of March 15.

The greatest danger to the war effort to be found anywhere in the world, except among the enemy, was in the American Congress. Here a group of bitter, mostly elderly, men were proving at heavy cost that reformation in a hurry is always difficult if not impossible. They continued to play politics with the war effort, to imperil our whole economic structure, in order to score points, for political purposes, against President Roosevelt and the New Deal. A close-up view of democracy in action is never as pretty as the textbooks would have you believe; this time it was about as ugly as it can get, and still be endurable.

Congress Recesses

Before Congress closed its doors to go home for the holidays, it gave evidence of being open to sober second thought on at least two of the raids it had begun on democracy and the welfare of the people at war. It voted to prolong for another sixty days the power of the administration to pay subsidies in order to keep the cost of living down. This is a sign that the protests of consumers had begun to take effect, and provides an opportunity for further resistance to the inflationists. Congress also failed to enact the phony soldiers'-vote bill which had already passed the Senate and which the House had been all set to rush through. Congress heard plenty from the country on this subject, and is now looking for a compromise. There is no possible compromise between allowing the soldiers to vote and not allowing them to vote, but if the "compromise" is to concede to the anti-vote contingents only a verbal formula which will allow them to save their faces, we have no objection.

Congress also failed to take final action on the absurdly inadequate tax bill, which must come up

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again after it reconvenes. We should like to think that this delay also indicates the possibility of improvement, but unfortunately there is little sign that the political mischief-makers are ready to back down on this important issue of all.

The Soviet-Czech Treaty

The Soviet Union and Czecho-Slovakia have just signed a treaty which throws a good deal of light on the fears which are sometimes expressed as to Russia's attitude regarding the peace. The treaty is in full accord with the aims of the United Nations and the four principal Allies. It involves no territorial concessions. It stipulates that there shall be no interference by one country in the internal affairs of the other, and nobody doubts that this promise will be kept. It pledges both to fight if either is attacked. This pledge replaces a prewar promise which was contingent on aid to the Czechs from France. The treaty is a clear indication that Russia has no imperialist designs on the territory of her neighbors, and does not insist that they accept anything farther to the Left than a genuinely democratic rule.

Most interesting of all is the inclusion of a clause permitting adherence to the treaty by other states with common borders. The invitation is obviously directed toward Poland. Why, then, the disputes between the Soviet Union on the one hand and states like Poland and Finland on the other? The reason is obvious. It is not because Russia is desirous of annexing land for her own sake. It is because the past experience of Russia with these countries, unlike the experience with Czecho-Slovakia, indicates that among their rulers are bitter enemies of the Soviet regime, who may on some favorable occasion make common cause with an invading army. The border rectifications desired by Moscow are purely for strategic purposes, in cases where the nation in question cannot be trusted to remain pacific and friendly in tendency.

War Criminals in Russia

While the rest of the United Nations are discussing in London what to do with war criminals, Russia has stolen a march on them by trying and executing four of Hitler's cold-blooded murderers, three Germans and a Russian. Cold-blooded murderers are exactly what they were; they participated in mass killings of unspeakable cruelty, in following out Hitler's familiar plan to destroy as many non-Germans as possible. The trials clearly established that the responsibility was that of the Nazi high command and that the underlings who committed these dreadful atrocities were not acting on any sudden individual impulse of bestiality. The question of war criminals is a complicated and difficult one, but the Russians have done us a favor by acting firmly and decisively in at least a few early instances.

Rays of Light in Italy

Sharp criticism of the policy of the Allied Military Government in Italy, in the liberal press of Great Britain and the United States, appears at last to be having some effect—coupled with the firm resistance of many Italians to collaboration with Badoglio and the King. As a footnote to the article by Professor Salvemini on page 905 of this issue, we should record the fact that a political meeting of the anti-fascist parties has now been held in Naples, the AMG having first refused permission and then relented at the last minute. At the meeting, the abdication of the King was vigorously demanded. A Fascist plot in Sicily has been uncovered by Army Intelligence, and many of the conspirators have been arrested. Civil government is to be restored in more of Italy, and while it will be the civil government of Badoglio, we pledge that civil liberties will be preserved and that the right of the Italians ultimately to choose their own government will not be impaired. No doubt this sounds better in the cables than it is in fact; the British and Americans show no very real hatred of fascism, and still continue to tolerate a surprising amount of it. Nevertheless, all the political news from Italy, taken together, adds up to at least a gleam of light in a sky heretofore uniformly dark.

Railroads and Negroes

It is easy to understand the sense of shock with which the Southern railroads and Southern railroad labor received the order of the FEPC to end discrimination against Negro firemen and to do it at once. Anti-Negro discrimination is an article of faith with most Southern white men, although they would never describe it in those words. They resist any suggestion of equality even though they claim they are willing to do much for the Negro if only it is not demanded as a right. No doubt many of them were sincere in saying that such a shocking change in Southern mores must be preceded by a long campaign of education. Nevertheless, these arguments are without any rational basis. No one disputes the fact that Negroes make perfectly good railway firemen. No one disputes the fact that they are used throughout the South for other kinds of work requiring a similar degree of responsibility and skill. Any trade unionist, North or South, who exhibits anti-Negro prejudice is guilty of betraying thereby the fundamental concepts of both trade unionism and democracy. The order of the FEPC should and must be carried out.

The Morale of the Infantry

The United States Army is about to launch an interesting propaganda campaign glorifying the Infantry. So much publicity has been given the Air Forces and the Marines, to name only two, that nearly every

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young man on being inducted expresses a preference for one of these highly publicized branches. The result is that, to keep the balance even, they have to be assigned arbitrarily to the Infantry, "the queen of battles." As a result, the morale of the Infantry has in some cases been found disturbingly low.

The public gets distorted pictures of comparative values in wartime, partly because of the accidents of reporting. Some interesting comment on this fact came the other day in a private letter from a former member of the New Republic staff, now serving overseas as an officer of the Field Artillery. He writes:

> I am compelled to snort at some things I have read recently about newspapermen and the war and the fearless correspondents and the vital broadcasters in the OWI. Nobody in this war has the right to mention his contribution or sacrifice in anything but joking terms unless he has been in an infantry company committed to the front lines or in one of the branches in close support of the infantry or possibly on operational flights in the Air Corps or in a naval engagement. When you get away down the list to war correspondents, you are so far down that you can no longer see those doughboys at the top. Of course, a lot of correspondents have been killed, but then, so have a lot of babies in London.
>
> There are lots of special-service jobs like making airplanes and being President of the United States and supplying democracy with essential facts and figures. Not many Presidents could qualify as infantrymen, or vice versa, and the infantryman couldn't do without all the work that others do in his support. But anybody who mentions "sacrifice" or "hardship" ought to think about being ordered to charge up a hill at night with a bayonet for your only weapon. No ammunition, because a rifleman can't hit what he can't see, and .30 caliber bullets are very heavy. These are the men who can legitimately talk about their part in the war.

The Schappes Case

Morris U. Schappes, of New York City, is a Communist, who for many years was a member of the staff of City College. About two and a half years ago he was called to testify before an investigating committee of the State Legislature regarding the names and activities of other Communists on the teaching staff of the institution. Schappes belittled the extent of communism among the faculty, and for this he was indicted for perjury and sentenced to one and a half to two years in prison. The Communist Party is now agitating for his release.

We don't like the Communists, and we hold no brief for Mr. Schappes, who undoubtedly did commit perjury. We take it for granted that the Communist Party is seizing the case as an excuse for an agitation. Nevertheless, we feel that the sentence given him constitutes a miscarriage of justice. It is out of all proportion to sentences given other men for similar wrongdoing. There is no doubt that the inquiry at which he testified was a political witch-hunt and that his own trial had pronounced political elements. We should like to see the Communists deprived of an effective talking point against American justice, by having Schappes now set free.

False Claims About Food

Once again, Great Britain has done something that might well be imitated in the United States. She has prohibited false advertising of the special nourishing quality and vitamin content of particular foods. At a time when everyone is on short rations, says the British government, no one should try to panic people into buying his particular product by making false claims about it. The same thing badly needs to be done over here. Advertising of vitamins has recently reached new depths of absurdity, especially on the radio, where standards for advertising copy seem to be lower than they are in newspapers and magazines. No competent doctor would agree with many of these claims; many competent doctors are doubtful about the present fad for taking huge quantities of expensive vitamin pills on top of an adequate diet. As is so often the case, the people who take vitamin pills are usually the ones who don't need them; those who could use them to advantage generally can't afford them.

Russia and Gold

The funniest item of the week was an editorial in The Wall Street Journal singing hosannas because Russia has come out in favor of the gold standard. The Journal says that this "has the effect on the imagination of opening a window in an overheated room and letting in some fresh air." It proves, according to the editorial, that Russia is now a pretty conservative country, after all.

We are all in favor of anything which will end the unreasonable hostility of some Americans to Russia, and we wouldn't spoil the beautiful love affair between Moscow and The Wall Street Journal for anything. The truth is, however, that the editorial in the Soviet

Bishop in The St. Louis Star-Times

"Living on Borrowed Time"

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magazine, War and the Working Class, after saying that Russia would not join in any international bank to stabilize currencies, merely added that "if Soviet trade with other countries could be conducted in gold currency, undoubtedly this circumstance would facilitate trade operations." Russia is one of the leading gold-producing countries of the world. Her annual production, according to the latest available figures, was about a fifth of a billion dollars annually—substantially more than the United States. If we are fools enough to give Russia machinery and other things she needs, in exchange for gold which we then bury in the ground at Fort Knox, Russia is willing to participate in, and benefit from, our folly. The New Republic hopes the United States will have more sense than The Wall Street Journal indicates, and will insist, after the war, on trading our exports for Russian timber, furs and other products which we really need.

Behind the Railroad Strike

THERE WILL BE no strike on the railroads. The railroad men do not want it; the government could not permit it, no matter what sacrifice might be necessary to avoid it. The danger may have been averted even before these words are read. Yet the question of what the railroad men's wages shall be is decided under the threat of a strike in time of war. The unions have at long length and after great forbearance been maneuvered into the position of saying to the President and the country, in effect, "Unless you grant what we demand, we will do to American railroads what our boys are trying to do to Hitler's railroads, at the risk of life or lifelong suffering." They have been maneuvered into deadly combat against the administration which has been closer to labor than any other in the country's history. How did this tragic civil conflict come about?

First of all, let us examine what is usually forgotten in the heat of the crisis—the justice of the demands. For years the railroads have been financially unstable. As a result, railroad wages, once among the highest in the country, have gradually fallen below those received by workers of similar skill and responsibility in other occupations, and in many cases below the pay received by those of inferior competence. For this lack of their employers' ability to pay, the workers were not responsible. It arose in the first instance from reckless financing by speculators and promoters which drove the carriers' capital charges in many cases far above any reasonable relation to earning power. Then the railroads suffered from depression, as did the rest of American industry. In addition, they suffered from rapidly growing competition by other means of transportation—trucks, buses, private cars and eventually airplanes.

Before the war, the railroads had made some progress in pulling out of this mire. There were financial reorganizations, improvements in service and efficiency. Not the least of the benefit came from better equipment and methods which led to greatly increased output per man-hour. In some instances the workers, through active coöperation with the employers, helped in creating this improvement. The main result was not, as in more fortunate industries, a corresponding increase in pay, but rather a steady decrease in employment.

With the pressing demand for transportation which began with the defense rearmament program, however, the position of the railroads was reversed almost overnight. Their equipment was used to its full capacity, and often dangerously overloaded. The men worked unprecedentedly long hours. In crises like that following Pearl Harbor many of them stayed on duty, ignoring union rules and labor laws alike, for days on end with scarcely any sleep. Profits began to roll in; interest was paid, funded debt was reduced, dividends were resumed, surpluses began to accumulate. This was obviously the time for the unions to make up for the years of disadvantage which they had suffered, and to bring their basic pay into line again with that in other industries.

Long before the Little Steel formula, the non-operating unions set about employing the wage-adjustment machinery which for years has been set up by federal law—a machinery hitherto lacking in most other industries, and one generally regarded as a model. They employed skilled talent in the preparation of economic briefs and spent many months and thousands of dollars in presenting their cases. By fair and open demonstration, with both sides on the record, they succeeded in obtaining an award from a mediating commission set up under the law—an award which they regarded as unjustly low. But the award did not come down until after the "hold the line order" had been issued.

At this point Economic Stabilizer Vinson stepped in, and without even examining the carefully prepared cases of the unions, forbade the payment of the eight-cent-an-hour increase which had been awarded under the long established law. The non-operating unions, which believed themselves entitled to it, naturally felt outraged. The operating brotherhoods, which had in the meantime begun wage proceedings, were awarded an increase of but four cents, by a board which regarded itself as limited by the Vinson decision. They were then virtually challenged to threaten a strike in order to get any satisfactory settlement.

Would fair increases in fact have been inflationary? The railroads could easily have paid them without raising their rates, and thus no boost in prices would have occurred by way of higher costs. The workers' earnings would, to be sure, have been increased, and this addition to purchasing power would have aug-

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mented the inflationary gap. But why should not that have been dealt with by the same means which the government was trying to use to sterilize the excess purchasing power going to business, farmers and other wage-earners—namely, price control, taxation and bond selling? As a matter of fact Mr. Vinson offered a graduated increase which would have distributed as much money as the original award—an offer which the unions were in no position to accept because it would have upset their customary differentials of pay and would have broken their united front.

Why were not the railroad workers content to swallow their hard luck in the general interest, and refrain from threatening disaster to the war? Because it seemed to them that they were being singled out for sacrifice. They saw their employers and other corporations making huge profits. They saw Congress being ruled by the farm bloc, raising the prices received by farmers and refusing to impose heavy enough taxes. They felt the rising cost of living eat into their family budgets. Even so, their conservative and responsible leaders hesitated to act, but the rank and file were too sore to be assuaged. They felt that their employers and the government, in forcing them to the point of a strike threat, were carrying out a gigantic bluff, because a railroad strike in time of war is unthinkable. Very well, they thought, we'll call the bluff, since justice is on our side.

Much as we sympathize with the plight of the railroad men, we believe that they and all of labor will ultimately lose more by this action than they can possibly gain. Their case is not appreciated by the country at large, and probably never will be. The press certainly cannot be counted upon to present them in a favorable light. The mere fact that they apparently intend to stop transportation to gain a selfish advantage obscures all else in the situation. It can be used with telling advantage to arouse hostility to them among ten million servicemen and their families. They can hope for no favor from farmers or middle-class consumers. Worst of all, by accepting battle with the Roosevelt administration, they have allowed themselves to be encircled in a veritable political Dunkirk by the major reactionary strategists in the United States.

The bitter-end enemies of labor are also the bitter-end enemies of the administration and the New Deal. If they can separate labor from the President, and both from the general run of citizens who have benefited from progressive government, they can win the next election, they can defeat in detail the opponents whom they could not defeat by frontal attack. The war economy offers them an unprecedented opportunity for dividing their victims and encircling them one by one. By failing to take the necessary measures to curb inflation, the unholy alliance of reactionary Democrats and Republicans in Congress can set farmers and labor quarreling with each other, both with consumers in general, and all three with the administration.

In the present instance, the squeeze is exerted on the railroad men and the administration. The railroad men's fundamental grievance is against the profiteers and the reactionary bloc in Congress. But Mr. Vinson fell into the trap by arbitrarily stepping in to prevent a wage increase. And the rail unions fell into the trap by diverting most of their hostility to the administration and forcing the issue with it. In doing so they have already lost public favor. No matter how the issue is settled the unholy alliance will be the winner. If the President stands firm, he will antagonize labor and may even have to suppress a strike by force. If he does not stand firm, he will be accused of having surrendered to labor coercion exerted by men like John L. Lewis, and of having opened the door to inflation.

A far better policy for the railroad unions would have been to join with the rest of labor in an active and effective political campaign against those Senators and Representatives who are pursuing an anti-labor, anti-administration and anti-consumer policy. If they had done so in the last election, the present crisis might never have arisen; we might have had as good success in preventing a rising cost of living as Canada, for instance. Even now it may not be too late to retrieve the situation. Labor can save itself many future headaches by taking the part of the consumer in an all-out fight against an inflationary, reactionary majority in Congress. The administration in turn can revise its policy by refusing to impose inflation curbs on labor alone. If the cost of living rises, wage rates must be allowed to rise too. It is the responsibility of Congress to prevent further rises in the cost of living by voting adequate taxation, and granting the administration the necessary power and funds to carry out the price-control program which it believes to be necessary. The administration must make this situation clear, in general and in detail, and must keep it clear by its action as well as by its words.

The Strength of the Nazis

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC has watched the meatgrinder in action on the Russian front, killing millions of troops; the public has followed the toll that Allied bombing has taken of German life and property. Since we are yet to learn from our own bitter experience that a country at war can sustain its strength despite huge losses in manpower, we have interpreted Germany's military defeats and the aerial pounding she has suffered as sure signs that she has been fatally weakened. It was therefore with a very sobering effect on our premature optimism that we heard the full details of Maj.-Gen. George V. Strong's report on the strength of the enemy.

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Many Americans learned, to their surprise, that the Luftwaffe is now larger than it was in 1939; that despite the loss of 28 divisions at Stalingrad and in North Africa, Germany has put 60 new divisions under arms this year; that Nazi industrial manpower has risen from 23,000,000 in 1939 to 35,000,000 in 1943, with a corresponding rise in steel capacity from 25,000,000 to 42,000,000 tons over the same period. Germany's food situation has also improved, the present average diet of the soldier or worker in heavy industry being higher in caloric content than at the outbreak of the war. This does not of course mean that our own production record is a meager one. In many branches of production we have already surpassed the combined Axis output. But these facts do, however, point to the conclusion, that should hardly be necessary to draw, that we still have a tough war ahead of us, with the length of it more difficult to estimate than we had supposed.

Then what of the reports we hear, so many as to defy skepticism, that Germany is tottering? Most of these reports, when analyzed, prove to be concerned with German civilian rather than military strength, with morale rather than production. We hear, from Sweden in particular, that the German masses are tired of the rigid food economy that has been imposed on them, and that many are seriously undernourished. We are told that the millions of foreign workers in the Reich constitute a dangerous police problem, that they are committing many acts of sabotage and carrying on secret campaigns in readiness for the day of uprising. Crime, juvenile delinquency, mental disorders are steadily increasing. Public grumbling has reached such a pitch of intensity that Gestapo authorities have had to adopt the safety-valve technique of allowing it to go on under the pretext of permitting free speech. The press and the radio have given up all attempts to minimize, and have even turned to exaggerating, the effects of bombing.

We feel fairly sure that the majority of these reports, so far as the facts go, are accurate. But the wrong conclusion has been drawn from them. Rather than showing Germany's weakness in morale, they point up another aspect of her strength—the strength of the huge Nazi repressive facilities, of the secret police which can hold even so battered a population in check. Morale *is* weak—but not yet to the extent where it can interfere significantly with production or the prosecution of the war. Germany's greatest strength is her military machine—a machine still large enough to sustain the losses in manpower it has suffered, and, in its political arm, still powerful enough to deal with unrest at home. Therefore if a breakdown in German morale is to play a significant role in the outcome of the war, it can only occur when Germany has suffered defeats which her total military and industrial capacity can no longer sustain.

Negroes in the Army

THE SEGREGATION of colored troops in our armed forces is producing some ironical situations in the mechanics of the draft. The Navy, Air Corps, Marines and variously specialized branches of our military establishment can only use a limited number of Negroes. That has the inevitable effect of slowing up the rate at which the latter are inducted, and, conversely, of accelerating the rate at which white selectees are being called up. This is markedly evident in the South.

The other day, Rep. Charles E. McKenzie, of Louisiana, spoke up in deep anguish against this state of affairs. The local boards, he pointed out, can do nothing about the situation. Their hands are tied. The fault is in Washington, which is deliberately keeping Negroes out of the draft; while white men, pre-Pearl Harbor fathers, mind you, are compelled to go. "Has it come to pass," Mr. McKenzie asks, "that the color of a man's skin is the basis for his being deferred even if he is single and has no dependents?" To buttress his argument, he quoted a remarkable editorial from The Morehouse Enterprise, Bastrop, Louisiana.

It would seem that the first batch of pre-Pearl Harbor fathers has left Morehouse parish; and that there are 267 colored men in 1-A who are kept at home because there has been no "colored call." It just isn't fair. The editorial goes on to say with charming ingenuousness: "Simply because the government doesn't seem to want Negroes in the armed service is no excuse. It is race discrimination and the colored men in Morehouse Parish feel that it is putting them in an inferior classification."

Representative McKenzie has not yet perfected any plan which makes it possible for his constituents to eat their cake and have it too. He is certain, however, that "such discrimination is detrimental to the morale of the nation." We may not be talking about the same thing, but you aren't kidding, Mr. McKenzie!

THE NEW REPUBLIC
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From Moscow to Naples

In the November 15 issue of The New Republic I wrote that Stalin's common sense had yielded a good crop in Italy, and that this crop was to be found in the Declaration issued by the Moscow Conference of November 1. Before expressing my satisfaction, I should have been a little more cautious. Thus I have to make public penance for the sin of overconfidence I committed in a fit of wishful thinking.

On November 3, two days after the issuing of the "historical" Moscow Declaration, the King of Italy went to Naples, and the American public was told that he had received an "ovation," and that "through his trip to Naples he apparently had won the first round in his fight to retain his throne—at least temporarily."

Then on November 9 we were regaled with the news that the units of anti-Fascist volunteers, which were organizing in the Naples area for the purpose of fighting against the Germans, had been disbanded, and that the men would be drafted into the regular Italian army under Antonio Basso, "one of the King's generals." This man was director general of artillery when Mussolini declared war on France in June, 1940. Thus he was one of the men responsible for Italy's ludicrous armaments after years of boasting and after $9,000,000,000 had been squeezed from the Italian people for war preparations. In an interview given to the correspondent of The New York Times (November 26), he stated that the only fault of the King was "to be strictly constitutional." Yes, precisely. The King by allowing Mussolini to destroy the Constitution to which the King had sworn loyalty, was "strictly constitutional." What did he do? He "named Mussolini head of the government and kept him as head because the people wanted Mussolini." He "only followed the popular will. . . . One should not blame the King but all Italians." Basso forgot to add that the Italian people never had a chance to say whether they really did like Mussolini or not, and that if they had given evidence of becoming restive, the King would have ordered General Basso to bring them back to their senses, and he, General Basso, would have received a promotion, a higher salary and some fresh decoration for carrying out the King's orders.

In his interview Basso also revealed that in June, 1940, he had told Mussolini that the army had "only enough shells for a few days." Mussolini "said there were enough, since the war would end in a few days. He would not listen to reason in the attack on Greece either, although everyone warned him. He would only listen to clownish collaborators." Was Basso not one of those collaborators? Why did he keep his job and salary, together with those clowns? Had Mussolini won the day despite the lack of ammunition, Basso would not only still collaborate with him but praise him to the skies.

The "Committee of Liberation" in Naples designated Signor Rodinò as the new Mayor. Signor Rodinò once belonged to the People's (Christian Democratic) Party, and there was no danger that he might foster "chaos and anarchy." Badoglio appointed as Mayor Signor Enrico Cavaliere, a man who had served under Mussolini: another "King's man." This was the second round won by the King.

Then, on November 14, the Associated Press told us that "in the town of Grumo, about twenty miles west of Bari, a professor was arrested by the carabinieri [royal police] for talking publicly against the King. Other incidents have been reported to Allied authorities from other towns." This was the third round.

Then on November 18 the same Associated Press brought us the tidings that in the town of Avellino a major of the Italian army, followed by soldiers, had entered the offices of a paper which had dared to demand immediate abdication "to clear the foul air of Italy" and had "smashed furniture, destroyed typefaces and then abused the editor. A number of antimonarchists in Avellino were threatened by the same soldiers." The details of the affair have no importance. What does matter is the fact that we have here a true and proper "punitive expedition" according to the classic Fascist pattern. The town of Avellino, being near the fighting front, is under the strict supervision of the AMG. Nobody has yet told us that the leader and other heroes of that "punitive expedition" were arrested. This also fits perfectly into the classic Fascist pattern. This was the fourth round.

Then in Naples a commander of a submarine took offense at an article in the local paper. The commander and its crew visited the offices of the paper "in a body." "He and three other officers berated the editor, who was lured outside, where the sailors spat on him and threatened him." In this case again, according to the classic Fascist pattern, nobody has told us that the officers and their men were arrested. This was the fifth round.

Then on November 21 we were told that "all elements of Italian opinion will now have genuine freedom of the press in accordance with a new directive from Allied Headquarters." As a consequence, in Naples the author of an article attacking the King was "asked to cut it down" for "lack of space." "It was asserted that lack of newsprint was the only thing that prevented any number of papers being printed here, by any and every shade of opinion." This was the sixth round.

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Freedom of public meeting has been restored "in full measure" to the Italian people. But a meeting held at the University of Naples, at which the public called for the abdication of the King, "resulted in a military ruling prohibiting public assemblies of five or more persons without a permit." This was the seventh round.

Under such conditions it is no wonder that those army chiefs who are responsible for Italy's misfortunes are raising their heads and becoming insolent. In an interview with The New York Times (November 26), General Basso not only made no secret of the fact that he was there to uphold the rights of the King, but attacked those who did not wish to go on swallowing the King, and went on to pass judgment on Croce, "a philosopher who enjoyed [!] a certain [!] esteem in Naples"!; on the anti-Fascists, who "are simply talking now with an eye to future posts" (as if Fascist generals had ever done anything else than keep their eyes on their future posts); on Count Sforza, who wants to replace the King but cannot give the people grain and fats; on the president of the University of Naples, "who is an employee of the state and should not mix in politics"—"he is an inciter of trouble and should be removed at least until Italy is freed; then all the citizens can say whether they want the King" (but not whether they do not want him).

While no newsprint was available for an article which might displease Badoglio and Basso, newsprint was available for posters, leaflets and pamphlets espousing the cause of the King. On November 26 the Associated Press circulated the following:

> The monarchist "Blue Party," newest group to enter Italy's political arena, opened a high-pressure campaign today to rally support to the shaky cause of the royal House of Savoy. . . . Placards calling on the people to rally to the monarchy . . . were posted on buildings in the city. Pamphlets reminding the people of the services of the House of Savoy to Italy were disseminated throughout towns and villages in that part of the country liberated from the Germans. . . . The leaders are not prominent Italians, but a number of aristocrats and highly placed army and navy officers are reported to be members. . . .

Then, on December 8, a unit of Italian soldiers was thrown into the furnace in an attack which "was little short of suicide. . . . The Italians were cautioned against attempting a frontal attack, but that is precisely what they did. . . . The first wave of attackers was virtually destroyed. The second, shoved in frantically from the reserve, suffered grave casualties. . . . It might as well be admitted that no one was very much surprised" (The New York Herald Tribune, December 13). The commanding general who chose to make the frontal attack was surely both incompetent and brutal. But as Badoglio in one of his recent interviews told us, Mussolini attacked France in June, 1940, because he needed a few thousand dead in order to get a seat at the impending peace conference. In December, 1943, Badoglio needed a few hundred Italian dead to enhance the prestige of the royal house. This is why on the eve of the battle we were told that the Crown Prince had flown over enemy lines, "a trip which takes courage and demonstrates a general desire to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of the people." The stupid butchery of December 8 was, if our count is correct, the eighth round won by the King in the span of no more than one month after the Moscow Declaration.

It is impossible to understand why the wise men of London and Washington are still particular about Carol of Rumania and Ahmed Zogu of Albania. These gentlemen are no worse than any other king of Southern Europe. Distribute equal justice to all kings and gangsters everywhere in the world, for Heaven's sake!

GAETANO SALVEMINI

Two Poems

Altitude 15,000

The chill and stillness of the landscape here
Edged with these rare and regular white towers,
Reminds, oh reminds of the faded passageway
Down which we were smuggled as children, barely saved.

Abandoned all that elegance, like this;
The houses stood, apparently quite sound,
And oh, with what an air, with what a grace,
But "never look back," they said, "child, never look back."

One does not shout to end the quiet here
But looks at last for a passage leading out
To domesticity again and love and doubt,
Where a long cloud makes a corridor to earth.

A Kodiak Poem

Precipitous is the shape and stance of the spruce
Pressed against the mountains in gestures of height,
Pleasing to Poussin the white and repetitious peaks.

Fonder mountains surely curl around your homeland
Fondle the homefarms with a warmer green;
Follow these hills for cold only, or for fool's gold.

Easy winds sweep lengthwise along the known places,
Essay brittle windows and are turned away;
Eskimo houses had sealgut windows that the east wind drummed.

A fish people now, once fur hunters and fierce,
Fire-needing, they buried their dead with faggots,
And when a man went to their hell, he froze.

Remembering the lands before but much more real,
Look where aloft, you cannot say how except rarely,
The raven, rich in allusion, rides alone.

LT. (J. G.) WILLIAM MEREDITH

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Postwar Control of Monopolies

A PHASE of the problem of postwar adjustment that is giving concern in many quarters is the decline of small industry, the increase in size and power of large industry and the development of a favorable setting for the extension of monopolies and cartels. Small industry generally has not been the beneficiary of war contracts and has gradually been starved by the inability to procure necessary machinery and tools, replacements, raw materials and labor. A relatively small number of large industries have received the war contracts and enjoyed the advantages of government investment in addition to plant and equipment, priority of materials and preference in the labor market. Unless there are rational planning and direction of postwar adjustments, the following outcome appears likely: on the one hand, many existing small enterprises will have withered and disappeared; and on the other hand, some of the large industries will find themselves in a favorable position not only to dominate their markets more completely but also to exploit the opportunity for the extension of domestic monopolies and international cartels.

The small industries are conscious of their plight, but are so numerous and dispersed that they are unable to bring their influence to focus either on the distribution of contracts or on postwar planning for solution of the problem. Senator Murray's Special Committee to Study and Survey Problems of American Small Business, Representative Patman's Select Committee on Small Business and, indirectly, Senator Truman's Special Committee to Investigate the National Defense Program and Representative Tolan's Select Committee Investigating National Defense Migration have taken their responsibilities seriously, but they have faced innumerable obstacles and none of them has yet broken through to an effective fighting position. Public opinion should now be brought to their support.

The danger of the extension of monopoly and cartels has been perceived and forcefully analyzed; for instance, by Mr. Robert Reuben's "Menace of the Cartels" in the October 11 issue of The New Republic. Yet most discussions of the problem, although impressive in analysis of the dangers, are weak in suggestions of what may be done to avoid them. Most suggestions are general and too difficult to make effective. They are concerned largely with legislation and regulation through the slow and ineffective processes of commissions and courts. Past experience in the United States indicates that something more direct and positive is called for, and experience elsewhere demonstrates that something more direct is possible.

Big business has perceived its opportunity and has been adroitly and effectively busy in promotion of its interests. Its leaders have also perceived the disconcerting factor in the situation: the fact that the accident of global war has given the public a means of direct and positive action to prevent monopolies and cartels and otherwise regulate industry. Big business is waging a vigorous campaign to eliminate that factor. That is the significance of the increasing propaganda, expressed through leaders of industry, a large part of the press and certain members of Congress, to get the government not only to divest itself completely of its present ownership in industry but to turn its share over to the large industries themselves. A bait to public opinion has been offered in the argument that compensation received by the government (which of course would be far below the cost of the investment by the government) could be applied toward liquidating the public debt and reducing taxes.

The present government share in ownership of industry is impressive. Because of voracious demands of total war beyond the capacity of private enterprise to provide the capital, our government will own at the end of the war a major, or a substantial, part of many basic industries. In the September, 1943, issue of Domestic Commerce, Jesse Jones, the Secretary of Commerce, presents the following details: the government has spent $1,000,000,000 in expanding steel production and also has built 120 small plants and additions to privately owned plants; $760,000,000 in construction of aluminum plants having more capacity than all privately owned plants and 45 plants for the fabrication of aluminum; $430,000,000 for magnesium plants representing 92 percent of the total of that industry; $430,000,000 for rubber production with a capacity of one-third more than we have ever used in peacetime; ownership of almost one-half the machine-tool industry; $2,700,000,000 in 521 plants for production of aircraft—more than 90 percent of the industry; $500,000,000 in building 50 plants to manufacture high-octane aviation gasoline; $180,000,000 to complete a program of 3,800 miles of pipe line. A moderate fraction of any one of these, kept under government ownership and operated directly or indirectly in a competitive market as a "yardstick" regulator of supply and prices, would serve as a powerful strategic control for the regularization of industries that lend themselves peculiarly to monopolization and cartelization. Thus the people of the United States have in their hands a more effective instrument of regulation and inhibition than they have ever before possessed. If they permit this instrument to pass completely from their possession, a similar opportunity is

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not likely again to be realized until another global war compels recreation of it, and something more positive than anti-trust legislation is called for by the trends.

The idea of yardstick regulation is not new and the technique has been tried successfully. The Scandinavian countries have in this manner successfully effected strategic general direction of the electric-power industry. At the Third World Power Conference in Washington in 1936 the delegates of these nations reported that they had no problems of regulation in the sense in which that word is used in the United States. In Sweden, where public generation and transmission represent one-third of the total, the national industry generates and transmits block energy (local distribution is by small units, municipal or coöperative) at a price that purposely gives the competing private industry a good living, but not monopoly and excessive profits. Representatives of the public and of the private industry sit together on joint boards to plan the development and operation of the industry for the country, with the interest of the consumer dominant but not without consideration for the private enterprises. The national policy, first declared by the public industry and accepted by the private industry, is that electric power shall be made available at the lowest possible price in the light of operating costs and after provision for such items as replacements, interest and a sinking fund. Bulk power rates are developed in genuine but rational competition, of which the result is that public rates serve as a standard for rates of the private industry. The public industry does not compete in localities where private rates and terms meet its standards, but it reserves the right to compete anywhere. This right is reciprocal; the private industry also may compete anywhere. There are very few regulatory laws because they are unnecessary. Regulation is direct and positive—by action.

This technique of strategic control of an industry for prevention of monopolies is suitable for any basic industry. Representatives of big business have observed the potential. The president of the Electric Bond and Share Company recently called the attention of the stockholders of that company to the serious influence of public ownership of part of an industry not only on the electric industry but also "on the future of all other private industry . . . and the political and economic pattern of the nation in the years to come." Big business perceives that the factors which in private hands promote monopoly and cartelization may in the hands of the public be used to prevent them.

Although in the United States current propaganda is putting the emphasis on return of government-owned plants to private industry, in most closely associated Allied countries the emphasis is just the opposite. Canada has made provisions looking toward the operation of government-owned plants by government corporations after they have served the needs of the war. In Great Britain, Home Secretary Herbert Morrison recently made a notable speech in which he went so far as to advocate general over-all public direction of the private managements of British postwar industry. In British thinking the objective is more than mere regulation—it is national economic security in the postwar world—while in Sweden and Canada the objective is primarily regulation through part ownership and competition. However, these various actions or proposals are all of a pattern.

The proposal that the government retain and operate, directly or through government corporations, such fraction of the plants it now owns as would be sufficient to effect regulation, will be met by charges that the action would be socialistic, destructive of capitalism and private enterprise. Propaganda has already been pointed, and if big business sees the need, will rapidly be focused in that direction. Nevertheless, public control of selected units in a capitalistic economy would not make that economy socialistic any more than the establishment of public control of the mail made our society socialistic. Public control of the mail has in fact promoted capitalism and private business by making a basic tool—communication—widespread, economical and available to all on equal terms. In a similar manner, strategic regulation of basic industries through ownership and yardstick operation of a fraction of the national plant would prevent monopolies and provide basic services and materials at the lowest possible prices on equal terms to all private competitors in industry and would strengthen competition under fair conditions, promote private enterprise and eventually be the salvation of small enterprises.

Call these particular "yardsticked" industries socialized for the sake of argument if you choose (although there is no proposal to retain them in their entirety), nevertheless, industry as a whole would not be other than capitalistic, individualistic and competitive. For every regulated fundamental industry providing basic services such as electric energy and basic materials such as aluminum, steel and rubber, there would develop a superstructure of thousands of competitive private, medium-sized and small enterprises fabricating and distributing an almost infinite variety of producer and consumer goods. While in the natural order of things certain commodities would be produced in volume by mass-production methods in huge plants, as dictated by the requirements of technology, the opportunity for production of a vast number and variety of things under small-scale conditions would be increased, and small industry, concerned with particular forms and functions, and with quality and appearance, would be restored to a normal and stable position in economic society. What this means to those whose temperaments and abilities incline them toward ownership and management of small enterprises and to wage earners generally, is beyond calculation.

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Cries of socialism under such circumstances should remind one of an utterance years ago by Lord Salisbury, one of the most conservative of all the Premiers given England by the Conservative Party. A member of the Parliament had charged in debate that a measure introduced by the Salisbury government was socialistic. The Premier replied that he was impatient of mere words; he was quite certain the English people were accustomed to consider proposals on their merits; that they would do so in this instance. That measure was passed, and many a measure of similar import has since been passed by the Parliament. It is time for Americans to consider proposals on their merits and not be misled by mere words. H. S. PERSON

Revolt of the Southern Democrats

THE SOUTHERN SECESSION from the Democratic Party will not take place as advertised.

The speeches made recently by Senators "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina and Josiah Bailey of North Carolina were more threatening than significant. Sen. Joe Guffey's exposé of the coalition behind the defeat of the soldiers'-vote bill as an "unholy alliance" between Northern Republicans under the leadership of Joe Pew and Southern Democrats under Harry Byrd so enraged those two statesmen that they went too far in their demands to suit the more sophisticated of their Southern colleagues. The Junior Senator from Virginia squirmed and blushed with discomfort as "Cotton Ed" bestowed what might be the kiss of death on him: "I want to nominate Harry Byrd for President right now, and call on the Southern states to organize a Democratic Party, and let us try to get one decent President." "Cotton Ed" went on to explain that the job he had selected as suitable for Byrd did not really amount to much. "I have been here with five Presidents and a piece—and a sixth; five Presidents and the thing we have got. . . . I enjoyed being a Senator until this miserable thing came along. . . . I say that my friend Harry Byrd has a chance, for that office has got powerful low."

Byrd squirmed under the doubtful tribute because reaction's ace-in-the-hole for 1944 had been given away in a fit of anger. Senator Byrd is running for President, but not under such small-time sponsorship as that offered by Smith and Bailey. And not as a third-party candidate except as a last resort to defeat Roosevelt. The "unholy alliance" goes beyond the soldiers' vote to the major objective of both groups—*defeat Roosevelt*. Byrd's role is to line up the South for himself if he can but, at the least, divide it against the President. His group understands that secession is not the way because: 1. No Southern Senator can deliver his state Democratic vote—talk of it is merely academic. The county-courthouse gangs run the state machines, and they are definitely opposed to any move to change the one-party system which keeps them in office.

2. Few Southern Senators would consider seceding from the party as long as there seems a chance for the Democrats to stay in power. As The Chattanooga Times put it: "While Southern Senators and Northern Senators may differ on economic questions, they are all agreed on one question—the desirability of controlling patronage—and if the Republicans win, all Democratic politicians suffer loss of patronage."

3. Building a new party is a crusade and the proposed new secession is short of crusaders.

Until "Cotton Ed" and Bailey queered the pitch, the Byrd strategy was working smoothly. The "unholy alliance" had been formed to knife the President's program in the Senate, to give the Republicans a Democratic front to hide behind. When in replying to Guffey's charges Byrd indignantly denied ever having met Joe Pew, he was unable to answer the further charge that Pew's personal representative was on the floor during the soldiers'-vote fight: for the fact was that during the debate Byrd had consulted with the man to whom Guffey presumably referred, former Sen. John Townsend from the duPont state, who was said to be the regular pipeline between the two forces. In addition there was a quietly growing Byrd "movement," stemming out of the South.

Byrd says he never met Pew, and John U. Barr, chairman of the Byrd-for-President Committee (Southwide movement), says he has never met Byrd. Barr is a personable, substantial-looking rope manufacturer from New Orleans. Since last August, he has been diligently building his organization and keeping quiet about the progress he was making. But when "Cotton Ed" nominated his candidate, Barr could restrain himself no longer. Barr was in New York at the time. That was the week the NAM was meeting there. So he gave a statement to The New York Times declaring that he did not agree with Senator Smith's proposal for nominating Senator Byrd as the candidate of an independent Southern Democratic Party, but was working for Byrd's nomination on the regular ticket.

Then he hot-footed it for Washington, where I had the pleasure of talking with him. I learned from him that the Byrd-for-President movement has got well under way. Both business and politics are represented, and the attempt is being made to acquire a mass base. Barr freely admits having the best political advice obtainable. He and his associates have contacts. The presi-

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dent of his home New Orleans committee is A. B. Freeman, president of the Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Louisiana. Recently that other Coca-Cola man, Jim Farley, paid a visit to New Orleans.

The Byrd boom may be something or nothing. If Franklin D. Roosevelt is not a candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1944, it may very well be something very big. With Roosevelt out of the race, Byrd might come to the convention with an almost solid South pledged to him. With Roosevelt in the race, Byrd might just as well not plan to go to the convention at all. Such Byrd friends as Rep. John Rankin, Sen. "Pappy" O'Daniel and John U. Barr do not even like to think of a fourth-term nomination for Roosevelt, in which case, they reluctantly admit, it might be necessary to enter some sort of third ticket in Southern elections as a last desperate measure to defeat Roosevelt. That, of course, would mean electing a Republican, but by this time there are some Southerners whose nostrils do not curl when they hear that word.

An abortive third-party move of this kind could not attract enough strength to amount to a secession, but it might amount to the kind of vehicle A. N. Holcombe envisioned when he wrote, in "The New Party Politics," "As the Know-Nothing Party of the 1850's served as an underground railway from Democrat to Whig territory, so such organizations as the Liberty League may provide a bridge by which the so-called Jeffersonian Democrats may, while doing obeisance to the Democratic tribal gods, move into the Republican camp."

In that same book Professor Holcombe made a further pertinent prediction. "The old party politics is visibly passing away. The character of the new party politics will be determined chiefly by the interests and attitudes of the urban population. . . . There will be less sectional politics and more class politics." Many an honest Southern congressman is saying the same thing to himself and to his bosom friends these days in simpler words. What they say boils down to this: "If we hold this hodgepodge of a Democratic Party together through '44, it will be a miracle; if we consent to hold it together after that, it will be a sin."

The New Deal must stand by now and turn the other cheek when Barr declares, "This is a movement to purge the Democratic Party of the New Deal element," because when it was the New Deal's turn to purge it did not succeed. The purgees of 1938, Walter George, Ellison D. Smith and their friends, are the self-appointed purgers of 1944.

Franklin D. Roosevelt said something in July, 1932, which would still look good on the masthead of a real Democratic Party: "I invite those nominal Republicans who find that their conscience cannot be squared with the groping and failure of their party leaders to join with us; here and now, in equal measure, I warn those nominal Democrats who squint at the future with their faces toward the past and who feel no responsibility to the demands of the new time that they are out of step with their party."

HELEN FULLER

Washington

Will the CCF Win in Canada?

Although Canada's Coöperative Commonwealth Federation Party has taken a slight drop in popularity within the last four months, it still makes a formidable showing. Its present polling strength represents 26 percent of the total vote—as compared with 29 percent in September. This is still a very healthy figure for the first party in Canada's political history which has not been under the domination of big business, big industry or big finance.

Organized in the summer of 1932, the CCF polled approximately 400,000 votes—or about 10 percent of the total—in the dominion election of 1935. It became the official opposition in the provinces of British Columbia and Saskatchewan and elected mayors in Edmonton, Toronto, Windsor and Winnipeg. In the Dominion election of 1940 the party polled about eight percent of the collective vote. Fifty-five percent of the Canadian public supported the Liberal Party of Prime Minister Mackenzie King. The Conservative Party (since rechristened the Progressive-Conservative Party) polled 31 percent of the votes cast. In May, 1943, Liberal Party spokesmen might have been able to assert that while its percentage was only 36 percent at that time, the 10 percent which had accrued to the Bloc Populaire, Quebec's wartime nuisance party, was rightfully its own. But in the autumn of this year the Liberals had lost another eight percent, while the Bloc Populaire dropped only a single point—and the CCF came up eight points. It is obvious, therefore, that the CCF cut deeply into Liberal Party support outside of Quebec. And now that the Catholic Church in Quebec has made a distinction between "communism" and the principles of the CCF, permitting it to organize freely in that province for the first time, there is tangible evidence of a swing away from the Bloc Populaire toward the CCF.

In the Ontario provincial election held in August, 1943, the CCF won 34 seats, swamping the Liberals and becoming the official opposition. The Progressive-Conservatives, with Colonel Drew at the helm, won

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the election but the moral victory was with the party which before the election held not a single seat in the provincial legislature. Final tabulations of the soldiers' vote in the provincial election indicate that if it alone had decided the provincial election, the CCF would have had 49 seats instead of 34—a clear majority.

The Ottawa Citizen, a conservative newspaper, declared on October 25:

> If the soldiers of Ontario, who are exposed little to the winds of radical political and economic thinking, vote that way, how will the 460,000 soldiers elsewhere, a majority of whom have spent from several weeks to three years in Britain, vote? What soldiers and similarly inclined voters are interested in is getting a decent living, a decent home in which to bring up a family, and a fair share of the good things of life. And in view of the history of only the last fifteen years, who can be surprised if they show an inclination to turn to the CCF as the answer to their yearnings?

An indication of how strong is the CCF current comes from Bruce Hutchison, author of "Canada, the Unknown Country" and writer of a syndicated column appearing throughout the dominion. He writes:

> To meet the challenge of the CCF the government of Canada must have something more than a mere negation. It is not enough to say that socialism is unsound, unworkable and will extinguish personal freedom. . . . The government must advance . . . a vigorous economic program of its own. It must create a clear issue between positive socialism and some other positive policy.

When a general election is called some time between now and 1945, the CCF will win if the swing to that party continues. On the other hand, its strength may force a coalition between the two old parties. If such a coalition is effected, the CCF probably can be kept out of office. Should the war in Europe end within the next six months, Mackenzie King might represent Canada at the Armistice and return with sufficient glory to win another election for the Liberal Party.

The Coöperative Commonwealth Federation Party was founded in 1932 at the height of the depression. In that year, for the first time, large numbers of Canadians were beginning to question the basis of Canada's social and economic order.

Farmers, workers, professional and small business people met at Calgary for the first party conference. Mr. M. J. Coldwell, M.P., now party leader, was chairman of the Resolutions Committee which brought forward the first CCF program. This program was enlarged into the party manifesto at the first convention held in 1933. The preamble of the Manifesto stated in part that, "We aim to replace the present capitalist system, by a social order from which the domination and exploitation of one class by another will be eliminated, in which economic planning will supersede unregulated private enterprise and competition, and in which genuine democratic self-government, based upon economic equality, will be possible." The present order, stated the Manifesto, is marked by glaring inequalities of wealth and opportunity, by chaotic waste and instability; and in an age of plenty it condemns the great mass of the people to poverty and insecurity. Power has become more and more concentrated in the hands of a minority of financiers and industrialists, and to their predatory interests the majority are habitually sacrificed. When private profit is the main stimulus to economic effort, our society oscillates between periods of feverish prosperity in which the main benefits go to speculators and profiteers, and of catastrophic depression, in which the common man's normal state of insecurity is accentuated. The CCF believes that these evils can be removed only by a planned economy in which Canada's natural resources and the principal means of production and distribution are owned and operated by the people.

These remain the fundamental principles, although a detailed program has been adopted to meet wartime conditions. The CCF maintains that Canada's war policy should be based on the following objectives for a total war effort: (1) Public ownership of industry or, where this is not feasible, at least complete government control of all war industries; (2) control of credit and investment by nationalization of financial institutions; (3) elimination of monopoly controls of industry; (4) enactment of legislation to compel the recognition of bona-fide trade unions, enforce collective bargaining and establish fair wage levels; (5) debt adjustment, security of tenure, crop insurance, marketing boards for primary products and guaranteed prices for agriculture; (6) a national policy of protection and development for the fishing industry; (7) a general system of social insurance to provide each citizen against the hazards of unemployment, sickness, disability and old age; (8) a democratic military policy eliminating all class and race distinctions in the armed forces and for better educational facilities; (9) education and training of demobilized soldiers, and maintenance at a decent standard of living until established in jobs.

Canada's productive capacity for war purposes has astonished many people. From a country with many unemployed, idle factories and wasting resources, it has become a country of full employment, greatly increased production and a rising national income. The CCF maintains that when turned to peacetime uses and with private privileges eliminated, this same productive capacity can provide a full life for Canada's citizens. This increased production in Canada became possible because of planning made necessary by the war. When peace comes, the party insists, there must be no going back to the old ways of doing business. The CCF, using the experience in planning gained

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during the war, will fight to retain all the economic controls and social agencies necessary for the maintenance of full employment and for the transition to the coöperative commonwealth of Canada.

To ensure a minimum dislocation in changing from a war to a peace economy, the CCF calls for the immediate establishment of a Postwar Planning Commission, representative of all classes of the community. The existing Cabinet Committee on Reconstruction it regards as unrepresentative in personnel and devoid of any positive policy for democratic reconstruction. Among the major plans to be introduced as soon as war ends are (1) a far-reaching program for conserving and developing natural resources; (2) rehousing; (3) rural rehabilitation; (4) a national social-security system; (5) a new program for education.

The political opposition to the CCF is not unaware that the single, most important issue that will confront the Canadian people in the postwar period will be whether or not Canadian industry should be socialized. Canadians remember the words of Mr. C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply, when he said that "Canadian industry has developed remarkably under the stimulus of the war. Never again will there be any doubt that Canada can manufacture anything that can be manufactured anywhere. . . . Production capacity has been expanded out of all comparison with our prewar industry." Canadians realize that this has been accomplished with 700,000 of its ablest young men and women absent in the services. But they also remember the Minister's words in the House of Commons last June 14 when he said that the Department of Munitions and Supply "has not been conducting a war against combines. It has taken industry as it found it, has tried to get the greatest production out of industry, and its purpose is to leave industry in exactly the same competitive position as at the outbreak of war." When it is remembered that the CCF made its greatest political capital in attacking the Aluminum Monopoly, there can be little doubt that the party will continue to blast away at this problem.

Since the Canadian people have come to accept the boards and controls which cover all phases of Canada's economic life and have seen as one of the direct results the production of great quantities of goods, regardless of their profitability, it is obvious that they will not accept a return to business as usual without a protest.

Between now and 1945, the Canadian people will have to decide whether they will support the traditional parties or whether, like the people of Australia and New Zealand, they will bring a labor government to office. Both sides feel the urgency of the situation. The old parties are anxious over the rising curve of CCF influence while the CCF is concerned with what it considers the growth of reaction in the United States, which, it fears, may spill over the border if the CCF is not already in power.

ERIC ESTORICK

A Guy Set to Music[1]

YOU CAN'T TELL ANYTHING about a man who feels music. He may have it in his head or in his body for any one of a thousand reasons. And that section of himself which is "sent" by music often seems to be a separate compartment, sealed off from the rest of his personality. I'm thinking of Chuck Odessa from Jersey City.

I first noticed him during a ten-minute break between lectures which the army gives us in the local movie theatre. A soldier sitting near me in the balcony yelled, "Go ahead, Chuck, he's sittin' next to yuh." A few rows ahead of us, Chuck turned around, and I saw two startled, desperate eyes set beneath a low, flat forehead, leaving only a thin line of skin between his eyebrows and hair line. His eyes shifted from side to side, searching everybody within range.

The soldier shouted again, "Go ahead, Chuck, he can't get away from yuh here!" Chuck jerked his head up and down, and though he was obviously going to clown, he didn't smile at all. Then he started pawing, making mock-love to the soldier in the seat next to him. When this soldier jumped back and snarled, I saw it was little Lieberman, the recognized Dumb Guy of the squadron, who spent his time asking the drill instructors stupid questions and reacting furiously when the soldiers laughed at him, which they did all the time, even when he was not being dumb.

Chuck continued to paw him, while Lieberman stamped his feet and tried unsuccessfully to push him away. Then Chuck's ugly face suddenly broke into a smile, and rubbing his cheek against Lieberman's shoulder, he began to sing "You Are Always in My Heart" in a stirring, bell-clear baritone, hitting the highest notes with full assurance and ease. And how he loved singing the song, rolling his eyes at Lieberman, wrapping his voice around each word, lingering over the love phrases!

When he finished, the soldiers gave him a big hand. They shouted for another song, but in the meantime Lieberman had managed to break free. Furious, he ran up the aisle, while they all hooted him and grabbed at his feet. So Chuck sang "I've Got Spurs That Jingle-Jangle-Jingle," beating out a hot accompaniment with his hands and feet. Then he started on Tschaikovsky's "Piano Concerto," mimicking a virtuoso by fluttering his fingers over the seat tops. He sang it straight, reaching the climax just as the lights went down and the Sergeant yelled, "At ease, at ease!" The soldiers were still clapping when the army drill-instruction movie flashed on the screen.

I heard Chuck sing again one evening while I was

[1] This is one of a series of articles and sketches submitted in our Soldiers' Prose competition. These are paid for at our regular rates and there is also a special prize for the best entry submitted during each calendar month. — THE EDITORS

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walking my post on guard duty. From behind one of the closed shutters his voice pealed out suddenly. He was singing "Ave Maria," and I stopped to listen. What a pleasure it was, simply because his voice, divorced from the Neanderthal face, carried the song with so much joy and power that it blew the army feeling right out of me for a few minutes. I waited in the alley, swinging my club. He finished, a door opened, and somebody said, "Well, if it isn't Odessa, the ——— from Jersey City!" "Yeah, well at least I don't lie in bed all night and ——— ——— ———!" People began laughing, banging chairs around, and I went about my business.

I saw Chuck every day because he was in my squadron. At first, I assumed he must be very popular: he was such a good mimic, drew big laughs from his jokes and sang so well. His personality had emerged so clearly from the rank and file of the squadron that I felt sure he must dominate a set. Actually, I discovered he didn't belong to any set. He was a clown—different. In little things, for example, when everyone else answered "Here!" at roll-call, he shouted "Yo!"; while the rest of us stared hungrily at girls in bathing suits passing by, he made clawing motions with his hands, pretended to stagger, and—against orders—catcalled at them softly.

One day, while we were lining up to march over to the mess hall, Chuck was among the last to come out of the hotel. Two other soldiers, laughing, came down the steps with him. He was walking apart, staring into space, his fists bunched close to his sides, his jaw thrust out. The soldiers shouted something at him over their shoulders as they stepped into line. One said, "That guy Odessa, we caught him praying the Jewish way."

The day before yesterday, fifty of our squadron had KP duty. I was on it, and so was Chuck. The cafeteria where we worked served 1,400 soldiers each meal. Stripped down to our undershirts, we slaved in that place from five in the morning until eight that night, a brutal, nerve-wracking grind. Crashing trays, the jangle of silver, the gigantic washing machine hissing and steaming smells of garbage and soap, and the monotonous uproar of a thousand mingled voices. Gradually, however, the lines of soldiers at the food counter thinned out; the rush was over, the clean-up about to begin.

But first there was a lull, a sudden lapse into quiet, which left us scattered about the hall. Hardly anyone spoke. We dragged on cigarettes, waiting for the Mess Sergeant to shout us back to work.

I heard a chair scrape on the floor, looked over, and saw Chuck on his feet, snapping his fingers in rhythm. He cakewalked down to the end of the hall where a huge, rainbow-colored juke-box stood in the corner, and put in a nickel. After a moment, it started to play "Jersey Bounce." Chuck quaked his knees, shuffled, snapped his fingers, clapped his hands, and went off into a crazy dance—singing all the while in that husky, sweet baritone "Uh, *thi* sis a *Jeh*sey *Bounce* . . ." He roamed up and down the aisles, jumped on the tables, hopped, skipped, broke into side-splits. We sat up and laughed with him, clapped his rhythm in unison, and everybody began to feel a lot better.

He finished. The Mess Sergeant came out of the kitchen and told us to shut the hell up, and start mopping the floor. And as we mopped, Chuck sang slowly and caressingly, "I Don't Want to Walk without You, Baby," "None But the Lonely Heart" and "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." After this last song, a soldier called across the room, "You're a —— Irishman, you are." Chuck jerked his finger in the air and thumbed his nose.

At supper the men began to rag him. We were eating before the mob was due to come in. For apparently no reason, an old man said, "Why you God-damned, floppy-eared bastard, pass the chicken." Chuck blew his mouth at him, and kept on eating, his eyes shifting from side to side.

"Look at the god-damned ears on him," crowed the old man. He got up to reach the chicken for himself, and as he stood over Chuck, he took hold of one ear and jerked it up and down. Chuck banged his knife and fork down on the tray, jumped to his feet. "Don't touch. I don't care if you razz me, Joe, but don't touch, huh?" "Aw nuts," said the old man laughing, "look how quick he flares up." Chuck sat down and continued eating. Sneering, the old man walked away, while the men laughed with him.

That night as we were cleaning up for the last time they really went to work on him. His job was to scrape garbage off the trays and pass them on to the sink. He worked on these trays under a barrage of shouts and insults. "Come on, Chuck, quit stalling!" "Come on, get some elbow grease in there, let's have some trays. You're holding up the works." "Christ, we'll never get out of here with Odessa on the line." He worked frantically, grabbing each tray, flinging off the garbage, passing the tray to the man at the sink, who put it first in hot water and then into the washing machine. Chuck worked with his mouth shut tightly, dumb, vacant-eyed, as the trays piled up in front of him. Behind him the shouts, insults and jokes about his ears.

Well, there is no particular ending to this story, except that the next day the Sergeant read off his name as one of a group on shipment. Odessa, with the floppy ears and caveman face, the dancer and astonishing singer, the lonely clown with eyes that stare fiercely, yet seem to look at no one personally. I'm still not sure why the soldiers went after him. Possibly because they caught him praying the Jewish way, or because a clown always gets contempt in the end, or simply because his crazy-rhythm personality made them nervous. Anyway, as I said, he lives and loves music, sings like a god, and acts like a pervert.

CPL. ALAN S. HARRINGTON

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Washington Notes

Holiday Round-Up

THESE ARE the Christmas holidays, Congress is in recess, President Roosevelt is home and hardly seems to have been away—so quickly time flies—and the Washington scene offers never a dull moment, with crises past and crises to come.

The sheer persistence of Washington crises is something to think about. Do you remember Thornton Wilder's "Skin of Our Teeth"? There is that unforgettable instant when the actor representing modern-clothed Adam cheerfully appeals to the theatre audience to tear up the orchestra seats to build a fire, because the Ice Age is setting in. Happy-go-lucky improvization in the face of fantastic and awful disasters similarly marks the archaic, three-fold American government. Yet we always manage to get through somehow, however terrifying the dangers through which we pass. And that brings me back to Mr. Roosevelt's return.

There he sat at his first press conference after his five-weeks' air tour—Churchill sick; inflation controls going all to pot; the Democratic Party at sixes and sevens; a rail strike threatened; selfish goals sought by labor, farmers and business; ignoble motives imputed to every public act of every public man; the world a global mess—and there he sat, bland and affable, in his special chair, puffing imperturbably at an uptilted cigarette and welcoming old friends.

I have no way of knowing whether Mr. Roosevelt will get a fourth term in 1944. But it's great to have known him.

Proceeding in this same mood, we can take a brief survey of the three-fold inflation front, including the Treasury's tax bill, food subsidies and the drives of pressure groups.

The tax bill has now been dragged through four rounds, with two to go. Round One was when the Treasury offered a carefully integrated, hard-money program calling for $10,500,000,000 of new taxes to syphon off inflationary spendings. Most college economists backed this as a reasonable war sacrifice; but, strangely enough, such conservative organs as The New York Times tore it to pieces. Round Two came when the House Ways and Means Committee scrapped the Treasury plans and offered its substitute, cutting revenue by four-fifths. Round Three was House acceptance of the committee plan. Round Four is just completed: the Senate Finance Committee has now made it a triangular battle by restoring the unloved Victory tax, after deciding that neither the Treasury nor House alternative is adequate. Senator George's committee gave another push to inflation by proposing emasculating amendments to the renegotiation law under which taxpayers have saved $5,600,000,000. Round Five in the battle comes when the Senate rewrites the tax bill all over again. Round Six occurs in conference between House and Senate, when some makeshift compromise must be worked out between the two rival versions. A worse method of writing a tax bill can hardly be imagined.

On the subsidy front it is pleasant to report that public opinion has really had a victory, by getting a 60-day reprieve for food subsidies. It was exciting to watch the day-to-day effect upon the Senate Banking Committee of public outcries. If the pressure keeps up, the subsidy program will be saved.

On the third inflation front, because of special drives of particular pressure groups, the weak-kneed House airily approved a bill to smash ceiling prices on oil in one of the most bare-faced raids to date. At once a hundred other industries got ready to grab. Not to be outdone, labor, represented by the rail workers, held a strike pistol at Congress for higher wages. Most people think the pistol is real, but hope it isn't loaded. That's the plot of the inflation thriller thus far. Now on with the story.

Senator McKellar's outer office hummed with activity one morning last week. Nelson Rockefeller was there. Laurence Duggan of the State Department's South American desk was there. So were representatives of a dozen federal agencies having to do with Latin America. They were making last-minute additions, subtractions and interpretations in the McKellar speech, to be delivered at noon, answering the sensational Hugh Butler-Reader's Digest charges that the United States' wartime good-neighbor policy is just a $6,000,000,000 "boondoggle." The faces of all these men were happy. For once the "bureaucrats" were betting on a sure thing.

Helter-skelter Washington has seen strange documents, but this concoction of freshman Senator Butler (R) of Nebraska, reputedly built up by the Reader's Digest brain trust, is something new and different. America's wooing of South America may offer scope for investigation, but if ever a case was thrown away by palpably false charges, this was. Mr. Butler and The Reader's Digest lumped everything into the "six billions" except the cost of building the Panama Canal. One $57,000,000 Puerto Rican item was actually included, though Puerto Rico is American territory.

Senator Butler was accompanied on his 55-day air trip by writers Joseph Seacrest and Maurice Mumford, and it is believed that Stanley High had a hand in the product, too. Apparently the material was worked up before Butler ever left Washington. Butler made his "report" to the Senate November 26, simultaneously with publication of his fantastic charges in The Reader's Digest, carried to some 9,000,000 readers or more. Considerations of patriotism—or even common sense—might have delayed him, but with magazine publication imminent, apparently Butler felt he had to go through with the affair, even though palpable errors were already evident. On November 24 Butler did send a round-robin out to respective executive agencies asking for the real facts—too late, of course, for his magazine piece, or even for his sensational Senate "exposé." Butler's later semi-apologetic Senate comment gives some reason for supposing that he never saw his own "material." The Reader's Digest part in the affair is a curious one.

T. R. B.

Washington

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Civilized Nuance

The Voice of the Turtle, by John van Druten. Morosco Theatre, December 8, 1943.

THE COLUMNS of this paper must have demonstrated by now, and long ago, that we are not one to be taken in by the moronic sentimentality of British—novelistic—slip-slop drama. Such drama is even worse than the usual novel in English; which, if you will inquire of your friends who turn to that form of literature as they turn to the, or at least the idea of the, dear duchess, and think almost any slush enchanting, is simply ducky. Though I will say for them that they are equally willing, if the occasion invites, to say it is bore.

All of which seems to me to be tremendously important with regard to Mr. John van Druten and his plays. Mr. van Druten differs from the average run of Times Square playwrights in that he does not regard literature as a weakness, he is the kind of dramatist who might read Milton even after the Theatre Guild had decided that Milton was impractical or literary. The absolving argument for that is that he, Mr. van Druten, not dear Milton, has made money; he has had good successes, what more do you want? "The Voice of the Turtle" shows that there is a good deal else he wants. This play marks an advance over his work of recent years. It sticks to the point and does not try for coyness. It has many and quite genuine searchings into character, not mere stage character. It has, too, a certain tenderness and a quiet imagination as to human living. There is an all-pervading wit that comes of education and good breeding and a perception of the more distinguished theatre values. And a definite growth in pattern, stage sense and intelligence is evident. I doubt if the simplest person in the audience, even if he does not know the whole implication, ever finds one of the scenes dull. This is high praise, genuinely high praise.

No small item in this triumphant event is the casting. There are three characters to the story: the confidante—in the usual manner but more intelligently implied in Miss Audrey Christie's performance opposite Miss Sullavan and Mr. Nugent: the young-lady actress; the Bill Page, of the army, on leave for the week-end. It was a happy stroke that brought Miss Margaret Sullavan and Mr. Elliott Nugent together. They are both excellent performers in the realistic style, steadily convincing and right. From the two of them working together during rehearsals the playwright must have profited greatly, taking their approach as a test of the truth of his lines and themes. And they must have warmed to the process of acting for lines that are literate, often subtle, never banal, and now and again moving. It is a great credit in general to Mr. van Druten that though his play is on what would be called the light side, I suppose, it manages, nevertheless, not to be defeated by the constant implications of greater meaning and the deep and lovely elements of something beyond the moment. There are in it very often overtones that are both poetic and haunting.

The scene is the young lady's new apartment, with sitting-room, kitchen and bedroom all in view, thanks to Mr. Stewart Chaney and his expert design. The lively personage is Miss Audrey Christie's Olive Lashbrooke, who pleads the excuse of a husband on leave in order to take an officer higher up than her friend Bill Page (Mr. Nugent). This leads to the affair between her friend Sally (Miss Sullavan) and Bill Page. The story of the affair between these two is handled by both dramatist and actors with real vivacity and sweetness of tone.

Mr. Nugent's performance of the soldier, a man with some education and mind and character, is admirable, very sure and persuasive. Anyone who has ever read his father's story of the Nugent family of actors will better understand how this actor came by so right and convincing a method, and such plain good sense and taste.

Miss Margaret Sullavan is an almost outrageous instance of stage talent. She has tone, sweetness of appeal, complete reality, a fine variation of intensity and plain response. I wondered as I watched her what some of the audience were thinking about that charming inflection and that voice going constantly up and down the scale. It is of course Southern, good-class Southern, where the problem for the actor—if he is an outsider trying to imitate it—concerns the place in the throat and the movement of the tone, not the drawl and slurring that are more likely to belong to the poor whites. Most of the Southern accent on Broadway belongs to the Times Square, East Side School, whatever may be the pleasure of such as may rejoice in it. It was very adroit of Mr. van Druten to have his heroine from Joplin, Missouri, where of course she would probably, like Mark Twain, be Southern; but the Broadway audience would not think of it, and so the problem of whence the accent would be left out, though Miss Sullavan and her enchantment would remain.

STARK YOUNG

The Gang's All Here

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART is currently exhibiting the results of having poured American painters through a Romantic grading machine to find out how many of them came out Romantics. Since the restrictions imposed by their machine were almost none—you could get in as a Romantic if you had once painted an Arab, if you were not Gerard David (though James Soby is inclined to think David will some day be known as the precursor of the Romantic movement) or if you painted prize fights instead of non-prize fights—a surprisingly large number of painters pass the test to the Museum's fancy. So many, in fact, that the exhibit is another history of American art under another name (a good number of these artists were in the Museum last year under the name of Realist or Magic-Realist), and aside from a certain propensity for macabre or out-of-the-way subject matter, it is pretty much the usual American History of Art, and both interesting for that fact and a disappointment. It gives one a welcome chance to see beginnings in American painting that are not too often shown us because of their unpopularity at the moment, to see painters who are new to some of us and are either esthetically exciting or at least interesting. It is disappointing because it is so vague about what constitutes Romanticism (I think Mr. Soby's discourse in the catalogue clears up very little), and it is cast in general at a mediocre level of painting—the esthetic quality of the exhibit of course does not affect the argument of the show, it only disappoints those who like good painting along with their arguments.

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Throughout the exhibit it is apparent that the telltale test of a romantic painting is its subject matter: how weird is it, or how allegorical, chimerical or exotic, as in Arabia or the Wild West? The treatment of these romantic ideas is, in three-quarters of the pictures shown, as conventional and tradition-bound as painting comes—far from being romantic it is mundane, stodgy, hopelessly unimaginative in its realization. The artist is following the very conventional patterns set out by centuries of art or that which has been acceptable through centuries to society. This work entails only the superficial independence of choosing a bizarre or macabre subject to paint; after that the painter has followed his own instincts and imagination little, if at all.

Much of the show is talented illustration or news photographs in oil painting: Bingham's picture of the early settlers being escorted into or out of the wilderness by Daniel Boone, Kent's super-bright, super-stiff Alaskan episodes, La Farge's spook man playing the bagpipes for his wolves, Atherton's or Edwin Dickinson's steel-plated still-lives of unlikely objects, Johnson's picture of a girl stooping to pick a water lily, Cowles's staid, dispassionate rendition of a storm and a man fleeing down the mountainside on a donkey, are all illustrations which may not be governed by traditional painting rules but are governed just as restrictively by popular painting rules and thoroughly governed by the superficial aspects of the visual world. They can hardly be called a "triumph of imagination over reason," which is the way the catalogue defines romanticism. The painting of these men is one of extreme repression, imposed order and idea, and controls from other than their own instincts. This slavery to the natural scene seems to me to be as far outside the free, uninhibited painting spirit so dear to the romanticist as it is outside good painting.

Finally, there are paintings like Corbino's of the stampeding bulls, Matson's navy-blue night dramas, or the Bellows picnic on a mountain, which are so under the repressing hand of traditional painting that again I feel the "reasonable" is far more in command of the painting than personal attitude.

The tag "romantic" seems to me too little definitive of what it represents and somewhat too overloaded with literary connotations to become a valuable or illuminating term in painting vocabulary. But, then, Cubist or Impressionist or Pre-Raphaelite are to my mind just as dead descriptions, and they are very much present in the popular vocabulary. If Romantic is a term to be used, I feel it is most justifiably the property of those painters whose expression—the actual painting or the realization of their idea—is a truly imaginative, original, plastic equivalent for innermost idea or vision. Such painters are neither repressed by literature, the surface aspects of the world nor by conventional painting terms. Ryder's painting, I think, is the exact epitome of such a definition of Romantic, in which the extreme mystic forcefulness of the painting is evolved out of a truly imaginative use of the painting entities of his form, of his wholly painter-like desire to say everything he had to say strictly in terms of light, color and shape, the design of which was molded only by his own sensitivity and genius. O'Keeffe's pictures are constructed out of a very personal and highly creative painting attitude, one which suffers most from its weakly realistic color—or the thing least answerable to her own vision. Marin's exploding landscapes and Dewing's lush emerald meditations, cast in their fanciful use of atmosphere and space, which makes limitless vistas of indoor scenes and little rooms of outdoor scenes, are romantic enough for my money because of their essentially imaginative realization of dramatic states. Demuth's illustrations for "The Turn of the Screw," McIver's "Violet Hour," the paintings of Feininger, Hartley, Austin, Graves and Bloom are the work of artists truly bent on recording their most personal vision or feelings; and granting the Museum the right to label those painters who seem less repressed and ordered by convention Romantic, I should think these artists truly fit the definition.

But aside from the argument of the exhibit there is much in it interesting and pleasing, and more than that from some of the artists mentioned above. The Currier and Ives illustrations of the Chicago fire and the Johnstown flood have a naïve excitement and good humor, especially in their use of orange to depict the fire more realistically. There are two nineteenth-century paintings by unknowns that are definitely marked by a spontaneous understanding of what painting is—the one of a little man dwarfed by the vast threatening scene around him, which is done with brave decision and called "Meditation by the Sea," and the other of an Indian about to put an end to a rambunctiously playful buffalo that is rendered with simple, elegant color and an effeminate use of line.

I don't feel that the argument has been entered into circumspectly enough by the Museum, or that they have stated it clearly enough or inspiringly. But I think the plea for romanticism should be put as often as possible; in its best sense it is one for an unfettered, impulsive, vital art, one in which the artist is encouraged toward realization compounded out of his whole personality, and that has in the past and will in the future produce great art.

MANNY FARBER

A Communication

The Power of Nationalism

SIR: A day before I got The New Republic of September 6, 1943, I had spent a lot of time talking with a leader of the French underground. A day or two before, I had been talking with people out of Norway. Since I got that number of The New Republic and read Albert Guérard's article, I have seen more people out of France and, in all probability, before this article appears, I shall have seen more representatives of the nations under the Nazi yoke. And all of them, I am sure, would read Mr. Guérard's article, "For a Federated Europe," with varying emotions: surprise, anger, fear, disillusionment. If that is what a man of the highest distinction, French by birth and American by adoption, a historian, an artist, thinks are the realities of the European situation, God help us when we have to deal with average Americans, with career diplomats, with West Pointers, with the agents of the United States Chamber of Commerce, with advertising men, with any or all of the run-of-the-mill Americans who will have so much to say about our future in the next few months.

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For if Albert Guérard can so misjudge the temper of Europe, the very conditions of remedial action, the very bases of any organization for peace, for liberty, for liberalism, what can we hope for?

The thesis set forth in this article is that the Nazis have made such a clean sweep in Europe that the old national obstacles to unity are gone. "The Europe wrecked by nationalism lies in ruin; and it would be the acme of foolishness to rebuild the crazy edifice on the same lines, with minor improvements which might prove worse than previous evils. I do not believe in bombardment as a method of slum clearance; but once the slums are cleared, who in his senses would rebuild them as slums?"

The slums are the historical national units of Europe; the bombardment is the Nazi New Order; the new Europe is to be a well planned, rational Green Belt settlement. On this metaphor he builds his church; the church of the good European soaring above the narrow particularisms of the past. The aim is admirable; I should like to be a good European, I try to be. I should like to live in a humane, liberal, free, unified Europe, a Europe in which Thomas Mann might be the typical German, Albert Guérard the typical Frenchman. It is quite true, too, that people like Guérard and people like me have more in common than we have with most of our fellow countrymen. There are few houses where I feel more at home than I have done in his house in Palo Alto. There are a good many houses in France and America where I am more at home than I am in any but a few houses in Britain. But this common membership in the Republic of Letters or the Commonwealth of Men of Good Will isn't what makes men fight, resist, die. One of the most important conversational links I have found is to be a Proustian. If you meet a fellow addict, you already know a lot about him as well as having an easy conversational opening, but you don't know enough to trust him with your life or to risk your life to save his. And that is what people are doing every day in Europe, because their national feeling tells them that it is their duty to do so. The executioners of Heydrich who took refuge in Lidice didn't talk of Europe and civilization; they were Czech patriots like their hosts and their hosts died for their country first of all. And a lot of the murdered people of Lidice, I am convinced, died for their country and for nothing else.

[Four lines deleted by censor. – ED.]

People risk their lives to save the enemies of France's enemy. They not only risk their lives, they often lose their lives—not always in pleasant ways; some of them, the members of underground organizations, make risking their lives in this way their sole business. Others are simple peasants and minor officials or shopkeepers—or even prosperous business men, men who if Americans might be rooting for Harrison Spangler, even for The Chicago Tribune. But, as I say, they risk and lose their lives, often in the company of men who would give Mr. Martin Dies the seven-year jitters. Why? For a reason stated in 1793:

Un français doit vivre pour elle
Pour elle un français doit mourir.

And it is France, not a cosmopolitan republic, that is worth dying for. Few of them are dying, conspiring, starving for any general European solution, for any coherent program of European reconstruction, for any coherent program of Czech or French reconstruction. "What," asked Lord Hugh Cecil in the British House of Commons a generation ago, "what is nationality?" "Nationality," replied Tim Healy, "is something that men will die for. Even the noble lord would not die for the meridian of Greenwich." Causes that men, today, will not die for have no chance of life and, alas, Mr. Guérard's dream for Europe is a meridian-of-Greenwich dream for which no man will work in the only possible effective terms of political life in Europe today, being ready, if he has to, to die for it.

That this is true is demonstrable in a dozen ways; all the history of contemporary Europe shows it to be so. Are we fighting for democracy, social services, anti-Semitism, liberty of speech, of learning, of research? If we are, why are the Swedes, whose country is a home of all these things at least as much as is Norway, not fighting for them while the Norwegians are? Because Norway has been invaded and Sweden has not, which means that the average Swede has not, for all his devotion to our ideals, had the only call made on him that the average man still responds to, the call of *la patrie en danger*. If the cause of liberty in itself, or the cause of traditional Western democracy, or the cause of Scandinavian solidarity, were a fighting cause, Sweden would enter the war or at least there would be tens of thousands of Swedish volunteers fighting for Norway—and there would be tens of thousands of Swedish volunteers fighting for Finland. Is it possible to believe for a moment that a fighting unity which it has been impossible to create for the kindred and similar Scandinavian peoples is spontaneously being created for European nations with old, bitter and uncured national feuds? . . .

Behind the ignoring of these facts lies (among other illusions) the illusion that Hitler's victories were largely won by internal sabotage, by the guilty compliance of guilty men in the invaded countries. This illusion was given birth in the astonishment that followed the successful invasion of Norway. As the Left had constantly underestimated the military power of Nazi Germany and, indeed, underestimated the power of military power, some explanation of that brilliant stroke was called for. So the legend of Quisling was created, the legend of a Norway that could have defended herself but was betrayed by a large section of her rulers and her bourgeoisie. The conquest of Norway was easy. Quisling and his fellow traitors had little to do with it; their help or hindrance cannot have made a day's difference to the German time-table. Nor is the story as told of Holland any more like the facts, and I do not believe that any serious section of French opinion, not even the then defeatist French Communists, positively worked for a German triumph.

Indeed, the Germans may well wonder why they have had so little success considering what seemed, for so long, their overwhelming power. Quisling is a poor fish and so is his Dutch partner, Mussert, and his Belgian opposite number, Degrelle. The Germans did better in France, but there they bought crooks; they did not use fanatics. All over Europe, the New Order has failed because hardly anybody would work honestly or seriously for it and tens of thousands were ready to give their lives against it—because it was their patriotic duty. The case is not much better when we turn to the other side. Quisling was less of a flop

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than Kuusinen, and, although the Comintern was able to weaken patriotic resistance in France, it was not able to build up an effective resistance movement when it needed one after June 21, 1941, except by playing on the patriotic sentiments of the French people, except by hastily joining de Gaulle. No international cause on either side of the barricade has one percent of the drawing power of patriotism and nationalism. The few German successes in Europe have been achieved in countries in which it was possible to exploit a full-blown or embryonic nationalist movement, in Finland and Rumania, in Hungary, in Slovakia, in Croatia. Elsewhere the parties and governments won over to the New Order have all the integrity, importance and independence of the Republican machine in the state of Mississippi.

Patriotism, national pride and passion, that has been the great immaterial obstacle to the German reorganization of Europe (it has been, in the case of England and Russia, a great material obstacle, too). That Stalin knows this is shown by his propaganda inside Russia and outside it. If he were building battleships now he would not call them Marat or Paris Commune. We should have Kutusovs and Alexander Nevskys in ships as well as decorations. . . .

Is it seriously likely that people who have endured starvation, torture, death, humiliation are suddenly, under an Anglo-American lead, going to relegate this passion, obsession, whatever you choose to call it, to a minor attic of their lives? The cheerful description of cultural autonomy given by Mr. Guérard, of the Pole indifferent to the fate of Upper Silesia as long as he can wander around speaking his language and practising his religion, struck me as just as fanciful as the belief, pilloried by Mr. Mencken, that if you give adolescents instruction in the physiology of sex you have really done much for them. What the adolescent suffers from is not ignorance, but love or lust, and he will not be put off with good, clean fun and the most clearly written version of "What a Young Man Should Know." The love of country, which is the driving force in Europe today, may be a pathological phenomenon, as love often is, but there it is. You can no more talk a nation out of it than you can talk a man or woman really infatuated out of infatuation. The Germans have tried. The Czechs have cultural autonomy and a Czech government and, in many ways, a privileged position. Unlike the German, the Hungarian, the Slovak mothers, the mothers of Bohemia can, if they like, sing "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier." They are allowed to admire Smetana and Dvorak. But they want to admire Masaryk and the men of Lidice.

The dangers of any doctrinaire refusal to accept these indisputable facts are great. For a few months at most after the liberation, the Anglo-Americans, with food, clothing, medicine in their hands, may be able to buy sullen acceptance of the plans of the Western powers. But the peoples of Europe, like the people of a town where a long strike has been broken by hunger, will forgive good advice less readily than blows. And one of the first uses they will make of recovered strength will be to tell the super-national planners to get the hell out of here. And when they are asked by Americans to soar above their narrow prejudices, they will remember what Goebbels has told them of riots in Detroit, in Los Angeles—and they may have more to remember before they are liberated.

Only by the greatest tact, only by accepting the facts of nationality, only by not confusing San Marino or Lichtenstein with the nations, large and small, that men die for, will it be possible to do anything for Europe. A good deal can be done, though not at once or too universally and systematically, to salvage some of the economic gains of larger units. But to start from unity is to doom the most reasonable economic schemes to failure. Not by bread alone do men live—and that has been proved in Europe, not only by the tenacity of nations that have preferred honor to bread, but by their sons in exile blockading and bombing their starving but unsubmissive peoples.

Even if nationalism were as negative, reactionary and debasing a force as it often was before 1939, it would still have to be dealt with. But nationalism has great potentialities as a revolutionary, dynamic force inside these countries. For in every country occupied by the Germans, the assets of patriotism have passed from the Right to the Left. In France the Communist intellectual, Louis Aragon, has become a sort of super-Béranger. "Le Crève-Coeur" is the passionate expression of the discovery of France as a nation, by Aragon—and by hundreds of thousands of alienated sons. So it has been in all countries; although in some, the conservative forces have not discredited themselves as, on the whole, they have in France. But everywhere the temper of the people is what it is in France, Jacobin. The State Department and the War Department have not been wrong in trying to tie up with the nationalist, patriotic, military forces in occupied Europe. They have been wrong and unsuccessful, because they have failed to recognize them, in the masses of the people whose indifference to their country was only skin deep and whose simple faith of peasants and workers in their own country has been revealed to be as deep as it was in the France of 1793. No movements in Europe that do not realize this have any future. Only if the Left can maintain this German-made alliance can it ride the European storm (Moscow shows by all its words and acts that it knows this). For to be repetitious and banal, it has been learned that only fighting creeds are worth bothering about today in Europe, whatever may be true of America. And it is as true today as it was in the days of Lars Porsena or Macaulay that the common man asks:

> And how can man die better
> Than facing fearful odds
> For the ashes of his fathers
> And the temples of his Gods?

There will be no century of the common man in Europe if the planners of it ignore this truth. They will not even be building their house on sand; the cellar walls will cave in as fast as they are dug.

London, Eng. D. W. BROGAN

SIR: Nothing could be more stimulating than a controversy with D. W. Brogan, but I cannot indulge in that pleasure at the present time. I am preparing a whole book in defense of the European Nation, in condemnation of provincial feuds and civil wars. Permit me, however, to jot down a few notes.

1. Germans, Czechs, Poles, Hungarians, Rumanians, etc., after this war will have to live on either side of arbitrary lines; in many cases, they will have to dwell in the

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same territory, even in the same village street. They hate and distrust one another? So be it: the more they do so, the more necessary will it be to establish a common law and a nonpartisan police in order to keep the peace.

2. I do not deny the enormous power of armed nationalism, the logical consequence of which is Hitlerism; I am not denying the might of the German armies either. But Hitlerism, either on the ideological plane or on the field of battle, will have to be defeated and transcended. "My country, right or wrong!" . . . "Deutschland über alles!" . . . "France d'abord!" . . . "Britannia rule the waves!"—many phrases and a single thought; and it is that one thought that leads to war.

3. What I have been attacking for twenty-five years is not nationalism as a sentiment and a tradition, but the *territorial fallacy*, the unrealistic and tyrannical conception that, on a given area, all men must speak, think and feel alike. That is totalitarianism at its worst. Territorial administration, a practical affair, must be completely divorced from the nationalistic religion, which, like all religions, should be voluntary, untrammeled and unarmed.

New York City ALBERT GUÉRARD

The Bandwagon

No longer wearing the drab "Stalin suit" which so familiarly identified him in the past as Communist revolutionary dictator, Premier Stalin appears for the first time in full military dress. . . . Observers find Stalin's face rounder, his expression calmer than in previous pictures; even his famous mustache has been trimmed and looks less frightening, less "revolutionary."—*Caption on a picture of Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill at the Teheran conference, in The Boston Daily Globe.*

RENT CONTROL OFF TO SMOOTH START
IN NEW YORK CITY
Property Holders Complete City Committee
to Seek a Higher Ceiling
—*Head and subhead in The New York Times.*

Well, It's an Idea

Claude A. Watson, the Prohibition Party's 1944 presidential nominee, said today that he has been denied air-travel priorities for campaign purposes. . . . "I am wondering if this is to be a general policy for all presidential candidates when they are nominated," Mr. Watson said.—*From The New York Herald Tribune.*

Minimum

FURNISHED apartment, one room or less, in Fairfax-Wilshire district, Beverly Hills or Hollywood.—*A want ad in The Santa Monica Airview News.*

That All-Out Effort

People are talking about Grosse Pointe's latest form of sharing. With more and more men leaving to enter the armed services and to work at essential war jobs, families are sharing the few chauffeurs that remain.—*From The Detroit Free Press.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Who Will Lead the Veterans? (Cont'd)

SIR: Men of the navy, too, are thinking and talking of a new and different veterans' organization.

I agree with G. I. in his article, "Soldier Thinking," of September 27, that most men in the services are not cognizant of the real issues of the war and the postwar period, but if a few men at Great Lakes are trying to formulate intelligent opinion, it is reasonable to believe that men at other naval stations and on ships at sea are informally and spontaneously discussing these issues.

The subject of a postwar organization has been broached several times. Opinion is divided, of course, but in this (no doubt atypical) group, there is little desire to become affiliated with the American Legion unless it be with the desire and hope of replacing existing reaction, big-business affiliation and so-called "Americanism" with a liberal internationalism, a realistic outlook toward labor and a cultural pluralism. I think the idea of a new organization is more hopeful than trying to reform the Legion. As was suggested by G. I. and B. W. L. (correspondence of November 8), the organizational aspects of a new organization are of such proportions that the aid of some existing liberal group or groups, possibly labor unions, is highly desirable if not absolutely necessary.

Although our time is well occupied at present, a beginning should be made. Possibly the best starting point is to stimulate more interest and serious, informed thought, not only on the idea of a postwar organization but, first and foremost, on what we are fighting for.

Chicago, Ill. J. B. M.

The Mistake of 1918

SIR: In a recent radio broadcast Raymond Gram Swing pleaded with the United Nations not to repeat the mistake of 1918 by again concluding a negotiated peace with the Germans, thus permitting their future Führers to prepare once again for more, bigger and better (or worse) wars.

Carried away by his theme, Mr. Swing disregards the facts. He is old enough to remember what actually took place. To be sure, the Germans counted on getting a just, negotiated peace treaty on the general basis of Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points. But what they actually got was hardly distinguishable from "unconditional surrender." For once Adolf Hitler and his friend Goebbels didn't lie when they claimed that the German people were double-crossed by Wilson's Fourteen Points. No, of course, Wilson himself did not deliberately do the double-crossing.

The first of the "open covenants among nations openly arrived at" was formulated in secret sessions—and very secret sessions. Did the Germans negotiate? They did not even know what was going on until the Treaty of Versailles was presented to them for signature on the dotted line. Their army reduced to a mere police force. Their navy and air force gone. Future construction restricted. Their colonies mandated. If the Germans later succeeded in rearming, it was not on account of the leniently negotiated Versailles Treaty. The Allies, while applying strong economic screws to Germany, were willing to overlook the details of disarmament of Germany, or anyone else, for that matter. Maxim Litvinov's attempts in that direction were always met with indifference by the League and with sneering ridicule by the press.

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The blame for laxity in enforcing the disarmament of Germany and of the rest of the world lies squarely and directly on Britain and on France. We in the USA are also at fault. We all more or less aided, abetted and encouraged the Germans to rearm. Britain counted on training the Tiger to fight the Bear, and the Tiger decided to do away also with the Lion and the rest of the animals in the European zoo.

Pittsburgh, Pa. BERNARD KRAMER

War and Poetry

SIR: I was surprised to find your reviewer [Sgt. William Abrahams, in the issue of December 6], with all the passion of a new broom, doing his best to sweep "War Poems of the United Nations" off the map; and this on the somewhat partisan ground that, as I am so misguided as to write for The New Masses instead of The New Republic, I cannot possibly know anything about poetry. In the same breath he accuses me of political prejudice in editing the book. It strikes me that the shoe is somewhat grotesquely on the other foot. In justice to myself and my contributors, I must clarify the book's intentions against further willful misrepresentation.

Your reviewer condemns "War Poems" because:

1. There can't *be* any good war poems. (As if poetry were a sundial, to record only smiling hours!)

2. "War Poems" doesn't contain all the contemporary war poems there are.

How could it? Its preface states explicitly that it is offered as a sample of what was obtainable when it was prepared.

3. I've left out some poets that your reviewer specially likes.

Some of those invited to contribute were unable or unwilling to do so; one, Allen Tate, even used The New Republic's letter columns to declare his objection to anti-fascist poetry. Others were excluded by the one "political" restriction I had perforce to make—that my "War Poems" be on our side of the war, *i. e.*, neither pro-Axis nor defeatist. To ask less would have reduced the book to an absurdity. And asking even so little was enough to rule out some of your reviewer's company of saints.

I could wish you would demonstrate your magazine's good faith by having the book properly reviewed, not for what isn't in it, but for what is.

New York City JOY DAVIDMAN

SIR: I am not surprised to find Miss Davidman readying my place in the tumbril, because I was so misguided as to suggest that she "cannot possibly know anything about poetry." Of course, in my review I made no such statement; nor can I be credited with the absurd notions that poetry must record only "smiling hours," and the best anthology be all-inclusive. What I did suggest was this: that Miss Davidson, as a regular contributor to The New Masses—certainly a sectarian publication—might be tempted to cut her poetry on the bias, and the astonishing omissions I listed afford ample proof on that score.

As a matter of fact, I took pains to avoid political issues in judging the book for "what it is," since I believe that poets are important not merely for their politics but also for their poetry. And it was for this reason that I objected to these "War Poems of the United Nations," this mélange of the fatuous, tasteless, inept and sentimental. I never questioned the intentions of most of these poets; but intentions are not enough. Unfortunately for the cause of war poetry, a mastery of craft does not necessarily march hand in hand with laudable ideologies. Of course there can *be* good war poets: Wilfred Owen, Isaac Rosenberg, in the last war proved that. "The poetry is in the pity," Owen said. I would add that the poetry may also be in the passion and the patriotism, but it does not inevitably come from the correctly clenched fist.

But Miss Davidson *will* be political. All she requires of her poets, she claims, is that they be on "our side of the war." And that is admirable. But immediately questions arise. Just what does Miss Davidman mean by "our side"? Anti-fascism, of course; but let us be positive—let us fight not merely *against*, but *for* something. If I may offer examples, I would suggest tolerance, decency, personal liberty, qualities implicit in *American* democracy, and expressed so ably in our time by such poets —overlooked by Miss Davidman—as Frost, MacLeish and Marianne Moore. I would prefer a little less talk of "Timoshenko on a black horse," and a little more of those anonymous young men who are sacrificing their lives for principles Miss Davidman's contributors seem singularly incapable of stating. I prefer the beautiful humility of Marianne Moore writing, "O quiet form upon the dust, I cannot/look and yet I must. If these great patient dyings—all these agonies/and wound bearings and blood shed/can teach us how to live, these/dyings were not wasted," to a Pablo de Rohka waging war against "property . . . religion . . . the family . . . bourgeois rights . . . and art," and in terms so scatalogical that decency keeps me from actual quotation. This may be Miss Davidman's idea of "our side"; it is not mine.

Finally, may I express thanks for being called a "new broom"; if I have not been totally effective, it is only because even a new broom is not much use in cleaning the Augean stables.

C/o United States Army SGT. WILLIAM ABRAHAMS

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Hjalmar Petersen, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, takes issue with "Report from Minnesota," by Feike Feikema, which appeared in our October 11 issue. Among other statements in the article, he objects to the following: "Even Hjalmar Petersen, the latest Farmer-Labor candidate for Governor and a rutabaga grower from Askov, is now plumping regularly in his weekly's editorial column for the successful prosecution of the war." Says Mr. Petersen: "I am from the rutabaga center of the nation, but . . . I have never grown a rutabaga. I am a newspaperman, and served for twelve years in public life." He explains that while he has written editorials against war for twenty-five years, knowing, from his native Denmark, the peaceful example set by the Scandinavian countries, ever since Pearl Harbor he has been calling for the successful prosecution of the war—and it is not just "now" that he is writing thus. " . . . Many of those who were against war are the most ardent supporters of a just and lasting peace, for world collaboration based on justice, but not for imperialism."

From Princeton, New Jersey, Hubert N. Hall writes his objections to Albert Guérard's review, "Linguistic Imperialism," which appeared in The New Republic of September 20. He advises Mr. Guérard that Basic English, to which the latter objected, is more than a pedagogical device but, rather, a "practical and economical international language." Adoption of Basic English for international communication would avoid many of the difficulties involved in learning an artificial language. As for the so-called "imperialist" character of Basic English, Mr. Hall claims that ". . . the balance of political and economic power and the preponderant control of communication facilities will remain in the hands of English-speaking people"—to the advantage of the non-English-speaking peoples, to whose interest it is to acquire a ready means of communication.

The Kenyon Review, by agreement with Doubleday, Doran and Company, announces a short-story contest, open to all writers who have never published a book of fiction. Manuscripts must not exceed 10,000 words in length, must be marked "The 1944 Short Story Prizes" and must be mailed to The Kenyon Review, Gambier, Ohio, between April 1 and May 31, 1944. A first prize of $500 and a second prize of $250 will be awarded by the publishers. No contestant may have more than two entries.

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Books in Review

Chesterton's Later Years: II

G. K. CHESTERTON[1] had never been able to manage his business affairs. He signed contracts that were clearly unfair to himself and that would have made fortunes for his publishers, if he had only had time to write the books they called for. He made engagements for lectures and, with the best of intentions, forgot to keep them. Once he sent a desperate telegram to Frances, his wife: "Am in Market Harborough. Where ought I to be?" On his return from another trip, he complained of having lost his pajamas. "Why didn't you buy some more?" Frances asked him. He said in a tone of amazement, "I didn't know that pajamas were things you could buy."

He had married Frances at the age of twenty-seven, after an engagement that lasted for nearly five years. Until that time he had lived at home, admiring his father and accepting most of his political opinions, but tied to his mother's apron strings. For her part, she didn't bother to hide her preference for his younger brother Cecil. Frances, who was five years older than Gilbert, became a second mother, one he could own exclusively; and Gilbert, in default of other children, became more and more her son. He must have appealed deeply to her maternal instincts, with his pink baby's face, his boyish mischief and his utter goodness of heart. After his critical illness in wartime, he was even more helpless than before. He began keeping his lecture engagements, but not as a token of greater responsibility; it was simply that his wife had assumed the complete direction of his affairs. With the help of Dorothy Collins—who became his secretary in 1926 and was like a daughter to this childless couple—Frances used to dress him as if she were wrapping a valuable parcel and deliver him to his audience on time. "He'd do anything she'd say, or Miss Collins," said Johnnie Mangan, who was Chesterton's chauffeur during the months when he was lecturing at Notre Dame. "They certainly had that man by the neck, but they took wonderful care of him."

Chesterton had become a Catholic in 1923. This was a decision taken independently of his wife, after fifteen years of inner debates, and he never regretted it afterwards. Although some of his close friends were priests—including Mgr. John O'Connor, the original in life of his Father Brown—it seems that they made no effort to hasten his conversion. They were wise, moreover, to let him take his own ponderous time. As long as he remained in doubt, his books had been addressed to all the millions of Europeans who were seeking for a faith. After he took his first communion, he was writing for the minority of devout Catholics, and perhaps for the still smaller minority of Catholic converts. Even these would sometimes complain that his work was becoming theological and obscure.

And Chesterton further reduced his audience by his stubborn advocacy of Distributism. As a Catholic and a convert, he was doubly orthodox; as a Distributist he was a heretic according to his own definition of the word—that is, he was a man who took one side of truth and made it the whole truth about social life. To say that widely distributed private property is one basis for a sound culture is to state a principle against which very few people would argue. The Russians learned its truth by trial and error, after their first experiments in collective farming. Eventually they encouraged each rural household to have its own cow, its pig, its flock of chickens and its garden. In this country, the Farm Security Administration has helped thousands of tenant families to acquire some private property. But the living standards of small landowners can be maintained at a reasonable level only if there is a mass industry to supply the articles they cannot produce at home, and only if there is a government in which they have some voice, one that is determined to keep them from sinking through peasanthood into serfdom. This is the other part of the truth, and the Distributists either deny it outright or else manage to keep from talking about it. They tear a strip from truth's robe and want it to cover everything—for example, Chesterton spoke of the need for a Distributist psychology and tried to interpret world politics from the Distributist angle. It is no wonder that his doctrines aroused the same mixture of enthusiasm from the few and indifference from the many that is the lot of any other economic heretic—at least till he becomes dangerous to the owning class. Then they either put him in prison or take his movement over.

The worst that Chesterton suffered was neglect. In the case of his later work, including almost all the books he wrote after 1915, I think it is largely deserved. The misfortune is that this veil of obscurity has also covered his earlier work, even the fantastic romances and the essays that are almost as fresh today as when they were written. In rereading "Heretics" and "What's Wrong with the World," you are sometimes repelled by his opinions about women, a subject concerning which he had no more knowledge than a sixteen-year-old boy with a mother fixation. On the other hand, he was full of wisdom about all human relations in which sex was not directly involved—for example, the relation between the rich and the poor—and most of his remarks about literature had an instinctive rightness. It was Chesterton who said, in discussing the proletarian novels of his time, "They are a record of the psychology of wealth and culture when brought in contact with poverty. They are not a description of the state of the slums. They are only a very dark and dreadful description of the state of the slummers." It was also Chesterton who called attention to the fallacy of calling this a young nation. Speaking of Whistler and Henry James, he said, "Out of America has come a sweet and startling cry, as unmistakable as the cry of a dying man."

His authorized biography, published nine years after his death, was written by a friend of the family who shares most of Chesterton's beliefs, including his religious orthodoxy and his economic heresy. The advantage of this

[1] Gilbert Keith Chesterton, by Maisie Ward. New York: Sheed and Ward. 700 pages. $4.50.

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arrangement is that Miss Ward had access to all his papers, besides the help of his widow and his many friends. She prints great portions of his correspondence, including several wise and worried and generally admirable letters from Bernard Shaw. For her patience in gathering information, she deserves more praise than most of the reviewers have given her. On the other hand, she is so much a disciple of Chesterton's and a friend of his wife's that the reader suspects her, not of hiding the facts, but of showing them in the wrong perspective. She devotes too much space to the Distributist League and to Chesterton's career as a faithful Catholic, thus making him seem more than ever the property of a church and a sect.

As a critic of his writing, she talks too much about his theoretical works and too much about his poems, most of which were second-rate Macaulay. She talks not nearly enough about his fantastic novels, which seem to have had a lasting influence on English fiction; today you can find echoes of them in Aldous Huxley, Evelyn Waugh and even Graham Greene. Much better than his essays, they express the quality in Chesterton that depended on both his childlike emotions and his mature mind. It is the quality he once described as "my original and almost mythical conviction of the miracle of all existence and the essential excitement of all experience." MALCOLM COWLEY

Three Men on a World

Building for Peace at Home and Abroad, by Maxwell S. Stewart. New York: Harper and Brothers. 240 pages. $2.50.
Roads to Peace and Freedom, by Irving Brant. Indianapolis and New York: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 278 pages. $2.
Total Peace, by Ely Culbertson. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 344 pages. $2.50.

RUMORS OF PEACE sent the stocks stumbling down: a sharp reminder of our unpreparedness. These three books are all studies in "Total Peace," as Culbertson phrases it. All three imply that the old distinctions between home and foreign affairs, between economics and politics, are growing shadowy. War no longer is an incident, like the Crimean or the Spanish-American—a mere flesh wound in a healthy body. War is the symptom of an organic disease. It proves that there is no normality to which we could return. We shall have to create the new norm, and it cannot be created without our taking thought.

The disease is complex. Its causes are not purely economic; but economic and social maladjustments weaken the resistance of the body politic to deadly germs as old as mankind. Older, for animals fight too. When Germany had a gleam of hope, Hitler was a laughing stock: it was the Hoover depression that turned him into a portent. Peace, freedom and prosperity are linked.

Maxwell Stewart, in "Building for Peace at Home and Abroad," defines in a sober, competent manner the two great practical tasks ahead of us: providing jobs, and preventing World War III. His digest of expert plans is no mere compilation, but a remarkably lucid synthesis. His point of view is pragmatic: he preaches no "ism." He gives us the greatest common denominator upon which business man and socialist might agree.

Repeatedly, Stewart stops short of his own thought. This is manifest in three great issues. He sees very clearly that economic reconstruction must be attempted on an international basis. He is able to read the lesson of the Soviet Union: "that nationalism is psychological and cultural, and that these elements can be successfully divorced from the economic and military." Yet he insists that "a frontal attack on nationalism as such is foredoomed to failure. Nationalism is still in the ascendancy." As if in France, Spain, Italy, Yugoslavia, Poland—and tomorrow in Germany—other passions and other interests were not manifestly more intense than the nationalistic!

In the same way, in the chapter, "How Can We Pay the Bill?" he almost reaches the common-sense conclusion, long voiced by President Roosevelt, that a national debt owned at home is an asset fully balancing the liability. The problem is not to remove "the crushing burden," but to see to it that everyone is a bondholder and a taxpayer in exact proportion to his economic capacity. If this equitable distribution of claims and burdens were reached, cancellation would not be bankruptcy. But Stewart's views are so modestly veiled that they will not offend the most orthodox Chamber of Commerce. Finally, he criticizes the blundering of Congress and urges that planning should be "for ten years" on a nonpartisan basis. Yet he balks at the logical inference: namely, that there is something fundamentally wrong about party politics. The Founders knew it, and denounced parties as factions.

Not so inclusive, not so perfectly balanced, Irving Brant's "Roads to Peace and Freedom" is more personal and more brilliant. Its high point is a masterly analysis of our chaotic foreign policy. For this chaos, he makes the time-lag responsible. The average citizen is behind the times; Congress is way behind the average man; and career diplomacy so far behind Congress that it is almost lost to sight. Until the Moscow Conference, there were no signs of improvement: our long coddling of Vichy, then of Darlan, then of Giraud-Peyrouton led to the egregious blunder of building up Badoglio and the Little King. All this under the plea of "saving American lives." If we wanted to save lives at the expense of principles, the surest way was to keep out of war. And if we are indifferent to principles, why fight at all? It does not pay.

After denouncing the undemocratic and fumbling policy of the Western powers, Brant himself relapses into the pseudo-realism of those who want the world to be ruled by the Big Four. What a mess the Big Three made of it in 1919, and the Big Four in 1938! All it comes to is: "Have you the backing of 12,000,000 armed men? No? Then you can't be right: shut up"—the rough and tough attitude that inevitably leads to war.

The second part of Ely Culbertson's book on "Total Peace" expounds his World Federation Plan, which has been discussed in these columns. On third reading, it strikes me as more preposterous than ever: so marvelously intricate that it cannot be altered without collapsing, based on a vast array of facts which are not so, and on a set of ideas which would do credit to Homer Lea, Haushofer, Mackinder and Clare Boothe Luce. But the first part is interesting, because it explains how Culbertson got that way. He is a Russo-American hybrid who has never found his equilibrium, a revolutionist turned anti-revolutionary, a virulent idealist

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LOUIS FISCHER in *Common Sense* writes:

"H. N. Brailsford

is Britain's best Labor Journalist; few British writers know foreign politics or write as well as he does. . . .

"ANYBODY who wants to talk about India —and hundreds of thousands of Americans are talking more and more about India—should read Brailsford's tightly-packed volume, must read it and study it. What Brailsford writes goes from the heart of a fine, clear human being to the heart of a painful world problem. Brailsford has a profound understanding of Indian life and a penetrating insight into British politics. But what stands out most in this invaluable volume is his honesty with himself. Where he has a doubt, where events have not yet proved something to be true, where he has a prejudice, where Britain has achievements to her credit in India, Brailsford says so.

"Brailsford discusses practically every phase of Indian life and politics. The book is broad in scope and detailed in its information. Brailsford, who is past seventy, gives us the benefits of warm wisdom and great scholarship. He has studied India for decades and knows the country from personal contact.

"I find it difficult to review this book adequately. I have marked several hundred statements for quotation, each as good as the next, each too good to omit. 'Our day in India is over,' says this Englishman, 'we have no creative part to play.' 'Our education system failed to give Indians what they chiefly lacked. . . . ' The Act of 1935 by which India has been ruled since 1937 'was an exercise in the imperial art of division.' The Cripps offer failed 'because not Congress only but Indians generally saw in it no intention to surrender the reality of power today.' The princes are not principles or free agents.' They will never enter an Indian Union, Brailsford predicts, and 'if they stay out, Indian independence is impossible.' 'We have made no offer of eventual independence to India' because the Cripps offer was a 'meaningless word' on account of its reservations.

"Yet, Churchill to the contrary, Brailsford feels that 'the Empire is being liquidated.' Economic ties are looser. Politically, however, the British hold on. The effects of his stubbornness are poverty, frustration and disaffection. Brailsford's greatest service in this book is probably his demonstration of how England has kept India poor and backward. It is a case study in the evils of imperialism. His treatment of the Hindu-Moslem problem is equally satisfying and definitive. How Britain uses the maharajahs to hold India is conclusively demonstrated. In fact, Brailsford, answers an American's prayer for a serious, thorough, convincing, moderate, many-sided, clear, brilliant and honest treatment of the important problem of India.

"Brailsford discusses past, present and future. He places India in the larger frame of world affairs. He shows that America and China must participate in the solution of the Indian question.

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trying hard to bluff and outbid the toughest realists at their own game. So he balls his fists, frowns and tells us that nothing counts but power, "and by power I mean force—the fighting machine."

All right, let us admit with grand old Joseph de Maistre that the scaffold is the sole basis of authority. But *organized* force will conquer brutal anarchy; and organized force is but thought directing action. The executioner (the army) does the bidding of the ruler; and the successful ruler is the one who takes into account the masses and the morrow. Gangsterism is not a regime; the law alone holds the secret of enduring power. The law needs a sanction: Justice must carry a sword. But swords without justice are a perfect formula for murderous anarchy, even though you should measure and weigh them with the utmost nicety: 2,000 grams to the USA, 300 to Germany, 200 to Japan. "Realism" compels us not to close our eyes and ears to the existence of evil; but all social organization is directed *against* evil. Culbertson's "realistic" call: "Bad men of all countries, unite, in order to check one another!" is a cry in the wilderness. By definition, bad men do not want to unite and they do not want to be checked.

Under many forms, "power politics" is still with us, thinking in terms of "bases" for World War III. Our appeal should be to whatever is good, even among sinful men. The solution is first to define a goal worth attaining, and then to unite and direct our power toward that goal.

But until we free our thought from that triple incubus, the sovereign nation, the profit motive and the party system, there will be little hope of safe and steady progress. Both Stewart and Brant know it. But they hesitate—pardonably—before taking these three raging bulls by the horns. I am aware it is difficult, just as it is difficult to beat Hitler and Tojo. Yet it has to be done; and we had better start thinking about it.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

New Zealand Today

New Zealand, by Walter Nash. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 335 pages. $3.50.

IF THIS BOOK needed any justification it could be found in the figures relegated to Appendix I. In this war New Zealand casualties have mounted—in Greece, Crete, North Africa, Italy, the Pacific Islands and the air over Germany—to almost 26,000. A similar rate would by now have brought United States casualties to about 2,200,000. New Zealand has earned the right to a voice in the conduct of the war and the negotiation of the peace. Moreover, as Mr. Nash points out, "small nations . . . may often have something to say that is worth listening to, worth paying attention to, even, perhaps, worth acting on."

Mr. Nash is by now well and favorably known in this country. He has doubled (or alternated) the posts of Minister of Finance, in Wellington, and Minister resident at Washington. Newspapermen and the public in general seem to have appreciated his forthright and frank discussion of war and peace issues. Aligning himself with the idealists in Washington, he rapidly became a recognized leader of United Nations policy. But the other side of his work is perhaps more important. He is a cool and determined realist with a strong political grip on his home base and remarkable administrative gifts. New Zealand is therefore fortunate in her spokesman.

The book in which he has tried to set forth the viewpoint of the dominion covers a lot of ground. A preface by Mr. Nash pays tribute to the teamwork of the Labor Cabinet and of the two Prime Ministers under whom he has served. An introduction by Eric Estorick deals at some length with Mr. Nash's own career and accomplishments. This biographical sketch, though laudatory, is useful and interesting. (One may wonder why Mr. Nash should be compared with Herbert Morrison.) There will be many who will regard the discussion of the financial crisis of 1938-39 as somewhat sketchy. Others may note the emphasis on "workers" in Mr. Nash's apologia, "We have been the government of the country for approximately four and three-quarters years and the workers have not had a bad time during that period." The time has not yet come to analyze the economic validity of the policies framed by the Labor government before the war. The statement presented here is *ex parte* and will carry conviction only to those already convinced of the desirability of "selective import control," planned industrial development and income redistribution by way of comprehensive social security.

It remains true, however, that these policies gave the government a head start in organizing the war effort. A cynic might doubt whether Mr. Nash has been wise in his repeated emphasis on the way in which regulatory policies proved useful as a basis for a planned war economy. But the chapters in which he recounts the story of New Zealand's war effort form the best part of this book. The record is clear. New Zealand's foreign policy before the war was independent and right. Almost single-handed she fought on the League Council and at Brussels against the appeasement of Japan. The export of scrap-iron to Japan was vetoed in 1936. A memorandum of that year correctly diagnosed the essential weakness of the League and advocated measures to keep the peace "by force if necessary." Effective defense measures were taken before the war, and when war came, mobilization of manpower and resources was thorough. The discussions of manpower, taxation and price stabilization are well worth reading as evidence not only of New Zealand's willingness to fight a total war, but also of technical competence in organization.

The final chapters are somewhat mixed. Those who look for practical lines of policy in implementation of the ideals of the United Nations will be disappointed. This is mainly because Mr. Nash has been absent from Washington for several months and the material here reproduced does not go beyond the stage of suggesting a United Nations War Council and supporting organs. When he comes to the New Zealand plans for demobilization, Mr. Nash is much more concrete and fertile in suggestions. The chapter on "Postwar Reconstruction" is one of the most useful in the whole book. The succeeding chapter also, "Toward a New Pacific," is likely to be received with interest and respect. And it is to be hoped that the concluding chapter on "The End of Imperialism," with its reasoned and sober defense of the British Commonwealth structure, will serve to calm some ill informed American suspicions.

Mr. Nash is a remarkable personality. He defines himself as a socialist "in the sense that I believe that a major responsibility of government is to provide collectively for the eco-

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nomic welfare and security of the individual." He bases himself upon the Christian teaching as "a way of life." No one can have any doubt of his idealism; but he is also an extremely practical and shrewd administrator and negotiator, fully alive to political realities and insistent always upon starting modestly and following an evolutionary educational procedure. In this he has absorbed the pragmatic philosophy of his adopted country, which is a vigorous and realistic humanism—a socialism, as Métin long ago described it, "sans doctrines."

J. B. CONDLIFFE

Middle-Aged Man in a Hurry

Which Kind of Revolution? by W. D. Herridge. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 162 pages. $1.75.

I'LL BET MR. HERRIDGE has been a big surprise to his friends. Here is a man who was for years a Conservative Canadian politician, with a big "C" and, as far as anyone knew, a little one as well. He was Canadian Minister to the United States for about four years beginning in 1931; that is a job which usually goes to a cautious and careful individual. Yet Mr. Herridge has now written a book which is anything but cautious and careful.

It is his thesis that the so-called democratic countries are very far from being democratic; that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt are headed, generally, in a reactionary direction; that an anti-communist bloc of powers is forming, if it has not already been formed; that after we have beaten Germany, powerful forces within the Western democracies will want to fight Russia because communism will seem to them the most dangerous thing on earth. However, such a war against Russia is unlikely to be successful, because the common man in the democratic countries will be against such a struggle. Russia might win the conflict and rule the world or (I gather) the war might be prevented or might end in a stalemate.

Mr. Herridge is in favor of production for use, and not for profit. He thinks it is outrageous that in the Western industrial countries, with their marvelous machine technology, we should ever have depressions, that men should lack food and clothing while warehouses are bursting with unsalable garments and things to eat. He explains carefully, however, that he is not a communist. He thinks communism was created only for the Russians (historically a dubious argument) and that we should regenerate our Western society in our own way and on our own initiative.

He is in favor of "free enterprise," but by it he means something very different from the definition of the National Association of Manufacturers. He wants to keep the capitalist system, or so I understand him, but to turn it to the service of all the people. "When once we forsake a system of free enterprise, is there any stopping place before we get to slave enterprise? For, like our political system, our economic system cannot be half slave, half free." Mr. Herridge's title, "Which Kind of Revolution?" is meant to say that if the governments of the Western democracies do not reform themselves peacefully, the people will do so by violence. (I should like to hear the comments on this book of an American Tory who believes that Mr. Roosevelt is a bolshevist dictator rapidly introducing communism over here!)

With much of Mr. Herridge's thesis, nobody can disagree. It should be obvious by now even to the American Tories that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill are not revolutionaries, that they are fighting, first for the defeat of fascism over the world, and second, for the maintenance of the status quo in general. All that the New Deal ever meant, in substance, was that the Roosevelt administration was trying to curb some of the worst excesses of capitalism so that it would continue to function and not break down utterly. The Churchill-Roosevelt type of conservatism is worse in some of its aspects than in others. It leads Mr. Churchill to espouse monarchism as a principle, in Yugoslavia and Greece, until it has become painfully clear that the Yugoslavs and Greeks don't want monarchs, when Mr. Churchill reluctantly changes his tune. It leads us to Darlanism in North Africa and Badoglioism in Italy. It leads to the status quo for India and

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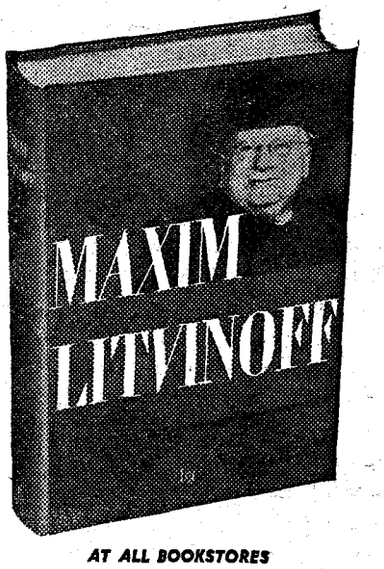

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to dangerous, incendiary talk like that of Premier Smuts about England's building a new *cordon sanitaire* against Russia in Europe. In the United States, it leads in wartime to control of much of our economy by or in the interest of great aggregations of industrial capital. Their managers thereupon become so cocky that even a man who is in general on their side, like Mr. C. E. Wilson of General Electric, has to warn them against their intended excesses.

Agreeing to all this, where do we go from here? I suspect that we shall have neither the bloody revolution that Mr. Herridge fears nor the rapid, orderly and peaceful one that he wants. My guess is that we shall worry along in the future much as we have in the past. Those who want a reformation of our society, like Mr. Herridge and this writer, will continue in the minority, where we always have been. We shall be denounced by the majority and yet, in the long view, things will continue to go our way, with occasional pendulum swings toward reaction. The "wild-eyed," "shocking," social ideas of yesterday become the accepted commonplaces of tomorrow. To be sure, there is always a danger that progress may go completely off the track, as it did in Germany; but that danger is not serious enough to justify an attitude of defeatism. If the world runs true to form, progress will always seem far too slow to the progressive, far too fast to the conservative; but the important fact is that we shall continue to progress. This is no reason to be complacent; the liberals should fight and fight as hard as they can, every hour of every day. It will need all their efforts to prevent a Third World War, which the conservatives will certainly bring about if they are left to their own devices. But the people on our side shouldn't expect Utopia tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock, or wring their hands when they don't get it. B. B.

A Reader's List

THE FORGOTTEN ALLY, by Pierre van Paassen (Dial Press, $2.75). Many years ago van Paassen studied the plight of the impoverished Jewish masses of Eastern Europe, as well as the social and political conditions of the Middle East. He demands that Palestine, with an area of less than 11,000 square miles, should be given the homeless Jews for the establishment of a Jewish state, since the Arab world comprises a vast, thinly populated area of more than seven million square miles. Van Paassen explodes the myth of Pan-Islamism, criticizes the doubtful role played by the English in their dealings with both Arabs and Jews and reveals the "best-kept secret of the war": Palestine Jewry's wonderful contributions toward the winning of the war, especially in the routing of Rommel's Afrika-Corps. Neither Arab terrorists, nor Axis propagandists should be permitted to hamper the peaceful reconstruction of the Jewish land, which is already the most progressive region of Western Asia, and the last hope for millions of uprooted Jews. As a true Christian and humanitarian, Mr. van Paassen urges that "the ideals of the prophets must be translated into . . . freedom for India, freedom for China and freedom for Arabia, and into a Jewish State in Palestine!"

MONTANA: HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME, by Joseph Kinsley Howard (Yale, $3). As the editor of The Great Falls Leader, the author has pride in his state's colorful history but believes that its resources have been wantonly squandered. He illustrates this by the story of mining and the overgrazing of the range. His chief emphasis is upon the homesteaders who were lured into a section where there was not enough water most of the time. He regrets that the suggestions of James W. Powell, made in 1870, were not carried out and feels that the necessary planned economy for Montana is still insufficiently developed. The book is a rare compound of interesting history and intelligent analysis.

Contributors

GAETANO SALVEMINI is co-author, with George La Piana, of "What to Do with Italy," recently published.

LT. (J. G.) WILLIAM MEREDITH was one of the contributors to our "Writers Under Thirty" supplement (December 8, 1941). A volume of his poems has been chosen by Archibald MacLeish to be published early next year in The Yale Younger Poets series.

H. S. PERSON is a consultant in business management in New York City. He was the consulting economist of the National Resources Planning Board in 1934-35 and has been the consulting economist of the Rural Electrification Administration from 1935 to date. He was chief of staff of the Mexican Oil Mission in 1942.

ERIC ESTORICK is the author of "Stafford Cripps: Prophetic Rebel" and "Canada and the Short Wave War." He is general editor of a series of books on the British Commonwealth to be published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce. The first volume, "New Zealand," by Walter Nash, is reviewed in this issue.

CPL. ALAN HARRINGTON, a graduate of Harvard, is a weather observer in the United States Army Air Corps, stationed in Newfoundland.

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ALBERT GUÉRARD, a member of the faculty of Stanford University, is the author of several books on French civilization which include "France of Tomorrow," published last year, and "Napoleon III: An Interpretation," just published by Harvard University.

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